A PARAPHRASE UPON THE DIVINE POEMS.

BY

GEORGE SANDYS.

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To the Beſt of *Men*,
AND
Moſt Excellent of *Princes*,

CHARLES;

By the Grace of God, King of *Great-Britaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*: Lord of the foure Seas; of *Virginia*, the vaſt Territories adjoyning, and diſperſed Iſlands of the Weſtern Ocean; The zealous-Defendor of the Chriſtian Faith.

GEORGE SANDYS,
The humbleſt of His Servants, Preſents and Conſecrates theſe his *Paraphraſes* upon the *Divine-Poems*, To receive their Life and Eſtimation from His Favor.

THE Muſe who from your influence took her Birth.
Firſt wandred through the many-Peopled Earth;
Next ſung the Change of Things; diſclos'd th'unknown:
Then to a nobler ſhape transform'd her owne;
Fetch'd from Engaddi, Spice; from Jury, Balme;
And bound her browes with Idumæan Palme:
Now old, hath her laſt Voyage made; and brought
To Royall Harbor this her ſacred Fraught.
Who to her King bequeathes the Wealth of Kings;
And dying, her owne Epicedium ſings.

To the Queene.

A Night-peece moſt affects the Eye;
Sad Words and Notes charm powerfully:
The pleaſing Sorrow they impart,
Slides ſweetly to the melting Heart.
Since no ſincere Delight wee taſt,
Our beſt of Daies with clouds ore-caſt;
Wiſe Nature, giddy Mirth diſdaines,
And tunes our Soules to Mournfull Straines:
As Æthiop's, who faire colours lack,
Place Beauty in the deepeſt Black.
And wee are counſell'd to bee Gueſts,
Rather at Death's, then Hymen's Feaſts.
This was that well-limn'd Face of Woe,
Whereof wee but a Coppy ſhow:
To you addreſt, whoſe chearefull Ray
Can turne the ſaddeſt Night to Day:
Not to infect, or make it leſſe;
But to ſet off your Happineſſe.
Nor are wee all of Black compos'd,
Our ſetting Sun ſerenely clos'd.
And, as in Job, all Storm's diſpell'd,
His Evening farre his Morn excell'd;
So Juda, in her wandring Race,
At length ſhall riſe to greater Grace.
Our Vowes aſcend, that you may taſt,
Of theſe the only Firſt, and Laſt.

To the Prince.

SINCE none but Princes dare aſpire
To ſing unto the Hebrew Lyre;
Sweet Prince, who then your ſelfe more fit
To reade, what ſacred Princes Writ?
Though yet your Roſe breathe in the Bud:
They who partake of your high Blood,
Grow ſoone in underſtanding old;
Nor ſhould their Age by Yeares be told:
Whoſe Soules, more ſwift then Motion, clime;
And check the tardy Flight of Time.
Farre off, I ſee that dawning Gray;
The Enſigne of a glorious Day:
Yet ere this guild the World, I muſt
Reſolve into neglected Duſt:
If then reſtored by your Breath,
Not all of mee ſhall ſleepe in Death.

TO
My noble friend Mr. Sandys, *upon his* Job, Eccleſiaſtes, *and the* Lamentations, *cleerly, learnedly, and Eloquently Paraphraſed.*

WHo would enform his Soul, or Feaſt his Senſe
And ſeeks or Pietie, or Eloquence;
What might with Knowledge, Vertue joyn'd, inſpire
And animate the Heat and Light of Fire:
He, Thoſe in Theſe by Thee, may find embrac't.
Or as a Poet, or a Paraphraſt.
Such Raies of the Divinitie are ſhed
Throughout theſe Works, and every Line o're-ſpread;
That by the Streames the Spring is clearely ſhowne,
And the Tranſlation makes the Author knowne.
Nor He being knowne, remaines his Sence conceal'd;
But ſo by thy illuſtrious Pen reveal'd,
Wee ſee not plainer, That which gives us Sight,
Then wee ſee that, aſſiſted by Thy Light.
All ſeemes tranſparent now, which ſeem'd perplext,
The inmoſt meaning of the darkeſt Text:
So that the Simpleſt may their Soules aſſure
What Places meane, whoſe Comments are obſcure.
Thy Pen next, having cleer'd thy Makers will,
Supples our Hearts to Love, and to fulfill,
And moves ſuch Pietie, that her Power layes
That Envie, which thy Eloquence doth raiſe.
Even I (no yeelding matter) who till then
Am chiefe of Sinners, and the worſt of Men,
(Though it bee hard a Soules health to procure
Unleſſe the Patient doe aſſiſt the Cure:)

Suffer

Suffer a Rape by Vertue, whil'ſt thy Lines
Deſtroy my Old, and build mee new Deſignes:
Shee by a Power, which conquers all controule,
Doth without my conſent poſſeſſe my Soule.
Thoſe miſts are ſcatter'd which my paſſions bred;
And for that ſhort time all my Vice is dead.
Thoſe looſer Poets whoſe Laſcivious Pen
Aſcribing Crimes to gods, taught them to men,
Who bent their moſt ingenious Induſtrie
To honour Vice, and guild Impietie;
Whoſe Labours have not only not imploy'd
Their Talents, but with them their Soules deſtroy'd;
Though of the much remov'd and diſtant time
Whoſe leſſe enlightned Age takes from their crime,
Will no defence, with all their Arts, deviſe,
When thou againſt them ſhalt in Judgement riſe:
When thou a Servant, ſuch whoſe like are rare,
Fill'd with a uſefull and a watchfull care
How to provide againſt thy Lord doe come,
With great advantage the intruſted Summe:
And thy large ſtock even to his wiſh imploy,
Shalt bee invited to thy maſters Joy.
The Wiſe, the Good, applaud, exult to ſee
Th'Appollinarii ſurpaſ'd by thee: *Socrates.*
No doubt, their Workes had found in every time *Scolaſticus*
An equall glory, had they equal'd thine;
How they expect thy art ſhould health aſſure
To the ſick world by a delicious cure,
Granting like thee no leech their hope deſerves,
Who purgeſt not with Rhewbarb but preſerves.
What numerous Legions of Infernall ſprights,
Thy ſplendor dazles and thy muſick frights!
For what to us is Balme to them is Wounds; (founds;
Whome Griefe ſtrikes, Feare diſtracts, and ſhame con-
To finde at once their Magick counter-charm'd,
Their Arts diſcover'd, and their ſtrength diſarm'd:
To ſee thy writings tempt to vertue more,
Then they, by theirs aſſiſted, could before
To Vice or Vanitie; to ſee Delight
Become their Foe, which was their Satelite:

And that the chiefe confounder of their State
Which had beene long their moſt prevailing bait;
To ſee their Empire ſuch a looſe indure,
As the revolt even of the Epicure.
The cauſe of Caſtalio's Tranſlation. Thoſe Polite-Pagan-Chriſtians who doe feare
Truth in her voyce, God in his word to heare;
(For ſuch alas there are) doubting the while
To harme their Phraſe, and to corrupt their ſtile;
Conſidering th'Eloquence which flowes from hence,
Had no excuſe, but now have no pretence:
Theſe, both to pens and minds Direction, give,
And teach to Write as well as teach to live.
Thoſe famous Herbs which did pretend to man
To give new youth; Chymicks, who brag they can
A Flower to Aſhes turn'd, by their Arts power
Returne thoſe Aſhes back into a Flower;
May gaine Beleife, when now thy Job wee ſee,
So Soil'd by Some, ſo Purifi'd by Thee.
Such was his change, when from his Sordid Fate
Hee re-aſcended to his wonted State.
So ſee wee yearely a freſh Spring reſtore
Thoſe Beauties, Winter had deflour'd before
So are wee taught, the Reſurrection muſt
Render us Fleſh, and Blood, from Dirt and Duſt.
To Jobs dejected Firſt, and then rais'd Minde,
Is Solomon in all his Glorie joyn'd.
Leſſe ſpecious ſeem'd his Perſon when hee ſhone
In Purple Garments, on his Golden Throne.
This Eloquence call'd from the fartheſt South
To learne deepe Knowledge, from his Sacred Mouth
One weake, and Great; a Woman and a Queene:
Which (his Conceptions in thy Language ſeene)
So likely ſeemes, that this no wonder drawes,
When with the great Effect, wee match the Cauſe:
Nor had wee wondred, had the Storie told
His Fame drew more, then all his Realmes could hold:
For no leſſe Multitudes doe I expect
To heare (whilſt on theſe Lines their Thoughts reflect)
Eccleſiaſtes. To have in this cleere Glaſſe their Follies knowne:
Nor will thoſe fewer prove, who in their owne

From

From theſe thy Teares ſhall learn to waſh their Crimes; *Lamenta-*
And owe Salvation to thy heavenly Rimes. *tions.*

Another.

SUch is the Verſe thou Writ'ſt that who reades Thine
Can never bee content to ſuffer Mine:
Such is the Verſe I Write, that reading Mine,
I hardly can beleeve I have read Thine:
And wonder that their Excellence once knowne,
I nor correct, nor yet conceale mine owne.
Yet though I Danger feare, then Cenſure leſſe;
Nor apprehend a Breach, like to a Preſſe:
Thy Merits, now the ſecond time, inflame
To ſacrifice the Remnant of my Shame.
Nor yet (as firſt) Alone, but joyn'd with Thoſe
Who make the loftieſt Verſe, ſeeme humbleſt Proſe.
Thus did our Maſter, to his Praiſe, deſire
That Babes ſhould with Philoſophers conſpire:
And Infants their Hoſanna's ſhould unite
With the ſo Famous Areopagite.
Perhaps my Stile too, is for Praiſe moſt fit;
Thoſe ſhew their Judgement leaſt, who ſhew their wit:
And are ſuſpected, leaſt their ſubtiller Aime
Be rather to attaine, then to give Fame.
Perhaps whil'ſt I my Earth doe interpoſe
Betwixt thy Sunne and Them, I may aid thoſe
Who have but feeble Eyes and weaker Sight,
To beare thy Beames, and to ſupport thy Light.
So thy Eccliſpe, by neighbouring Darkeneſſe made,
Were no injurious, but a uſefull Shade:
How e're I finiſh heere, my Muſe her Daies
Ends in expreſſing thy deſerved Praiſe:
Whoſe fate in this ſeemes fortunately caſt,
To have ſo juſt an Action for her Laſt.
And ſince there are, who have been taught, that Death
Inſpireth Prophecie, expelling Breath.
I hope, when theſe foretell, what happie Gaines
Poſteritie ſhall reape from theſe thy Paines:

Nor

Nor yet from thoſe alone, but how thy Pen,
Earth-like, ſhall yearely give new gifts to men:
And thou freſh praiſe, and wee freſh Good receive
(For hee who thus can write can never leave)
How time in them ſhall never force a breach;
But they ſhall alwayes Live and alwaies Teach:
That the ſole likelihood which theſe preſent,
Will from the more rais'd Soules command Aſſent;
And the ſo taught, will not Beleiſe refuſe,
To the laſt Accents of a Dying muſe.

Falkland

To my much honoured friend Maſter George Sandys.

IT is, Sir, a Confeſt intruſion here,
That I before your Labours doe appeare:
Which no loud Herald needs, that may proclaime,
Or ſeeke acceptance, but the Authors fame.
Much leſſe that ſhould this happy worke commend,
Whoſe Subject is its Licence, and doth ſend
It to the World to bee receiv'd and read,
Farre as the glorious beames of Truth are ſpread.
Nor let it bee imagin'd, that I looke
Only with Cuſtomes eye upon your booke;
Or in this Service that 'twas my intent
T'exclude your Perſon from your Argument.
I ſhall profeſſe, much of the Love I owe
Doth from the roote of our Extraction grow.
To which though I can little contribute;
Yet with a naturall joy, I muſt impute
To our Tribes honour, what by you is done,
Worthy the Title of a Prelates Sonne.
And ſcarcely have Two Brothers farther borne
A Fathers Name, or with more Value worne

Their

Their owne, then two of you: whoſe Pens, and feete
Have made the diſtant Points of Heav'n to meete:
Hee by exact diſcoveries of the Weſt,
Your ſ lfe by painfull Travells in the Eaſt.
Some more like you would powerfully confute
Th'oppoſers of Prieſts marriage by the fruit.
And (ſince 'tis knowne, for all their ſtrait-vow'd life,
They like the Sex in any ſtile but wife)
Cauſe them to change their Cloiſter for that State,
Which keepes men Chaſt by Vowes legittimate.
Nor ſhame to father their relations,
Or under Nephewes name diſguiſe their Sons.
This Child of yours, borne without ſpurious blot,
And fairly m dwiv'd as it was begot,
Doth ſo much of the Parents goodneſſe Weare,
You may bee proud to owne it for your Heire.
Whoſe choice acquits you from the Common ſin
Of ſuch, who finiſh worſe then they begin.
You mend upon your ſelfe, and your laſt ſtraine
Does of your Firſt the ſtart in Judgement gain.
Since, what in curious Travell was begun,
You here conclude in a Devotion.
Where in delightfull Raptures wee diſcry,
As in a map, Sions Chorography:
Lay'd out in ſo direct and ſmooth a line,
Men neede not goe about through Palæſtine.
Who ſeeke Chriſt here, will the ſtreight Rode preferre,
As neerer much then by the Sepulcher.
For not a limb growes here, but is a Path
Which in Gods City the bleſt Centre hath,
And doth ſo ſweetly on each paſſion ſtrike,
The moſt phantaſtick taſte will ſomewhat like.
To the unquiet ſoule Job ſtill from hence
Speaks in th'Example of his Patience.
The mortifi'd may heare the wiſe King Preach,
When His repentance made him fit to Teach:
Here are choice Hymnes and Carolls for the Glad;
And melancholy Dirges for the Sad.
Laſt, David (as hee could this Art transferre)
Speakes like himſelfe by an interpreter.

Sir Edwin Sandys *view of Religion in the weſterne parts.*

Your

Your Muſe, rekindled hath the Prophets Fire,
And Tun'd the Strings of his neglected Lyre;
Making the Note and Ditty ſo agree,
They now become a perfect Harmony.
I muſt confeſſe, I have long wiſht to ſee
The Pſalmes reduc'd to this Conformitie:
Grieving the Songs of Sion ſhould bee ſung
In Phraſe not diff'ring from a Barbarous Tongue.
As if, by Cuſtome warranted, wee may
Sing that to God, wee would bee loth to Say,
Farre bee it from my purpoſe to upbraid
Their honeſt meaning, who firſt offer made
That Booke in Meter to compile, which you
Have mended in the Forme, and Built anew.
And It was well, conſidering the Time
Which ſcarcely could diſtinguiſh Verſe and Rhime.
But now the Language, like the Church, hath won
More Luſter ſince the Reformation;
None can condemne the Wiſh, or Labour ſpent
Good Matter in Good Words to repreſent.
Yet in this jealous Age ſome ſuch there bee
So (without cauſe afraid of Noveltie;
They would by no meanes (had they power to chooſe)
An Old Ill Cuſtome, for a Better looſe.
Men who a Ruſtick Plainenеſſe ſo affect,
They thinke God ſerved beſt by their neglect:
Holding the Cauſe would bee Prophan'd by it,
Were they at Charge of Learning or of Wit.
And therefore bluntly, what comes next, they bring
Courſe and ill ſtudy'd Stuffe for Offering;
Which, like th'Old Tabernacles Covering, are
Made up of Badgers skins and of Goats haire.
But Theſe are Paradoxes they muſt uſe
Their Sloth and bolder Ignorance to excuſe.
Who would not laugh at one will Naked goe,
'Cauſe in Old hangings Truth is pictur'd ſo?
Though Plainneſſe be reputed Honours note,
They Mantles add to beautifie the Coat.
So that a Curious (unaffected) dreſſe
Addes much unto the Bodies comelineſſe:

And

And whereſoe're the Subject's Beſt, the Senſe
is better'd by the Speakers Eloquence.
But Sir, to you I will no Trophie raiſe
From other Mens detraction or diſpraiſe.
That Jewel never had inherent worth,
Which ask't ſuch Foyles as theſe to ſet it forth.
If any quarell your Attempt or Stile
Forgive them: their owne Folly they revile.
Since 'gainſt Themſelves their factious Envie ſhall
Confeſſe this Worke of Yours Canonicall.
Nor may you feare the Poets common Lot,
Read, and Commended, and then quite forgot.
The Brazen Mines and Marble Rockes ſhall waſte,
When your Foundation will unſhaken laſt.
'Tis Fames beſt pay, that You your Labours ſee
By their Immortall Subject crowned bee.
For ne'r was Author in Oblivion hid,
Who Firm'd his Name on ſuch a Pyramid.

Henry King

To my very much honoured Friend Mr. George Sandys, *upon his* Paraphraſe *on the Poeticall Parts of the Bible.*

THeſe pure immortall Streams, theſe holy Streymes,
To flow in which, th'Eternall Wiſdome deigned,
Had firſt their ſacred Spring, in Juda's Plaines.

Borne in the Eaſt, their Soule of heavenly Race,
They ſtill preſerve a more then Mortall Grace,
Though through the Mortall Pens of Men they paſſe.

For

For pureſt Organs ever were deſign'd
To this high Worke, the moſt Etheriall mind
Was touch't, and did theſe holy Raptures find.

You Sir, who all theſe ſeverall Springs have knowne,
And have ſo large a Fountaine of your owne;
Seeme Borne and Bred for what you now have done.

Plac'd by juſt thoughts, above all Worldly care,
Such as for Heaven it ſelfe a Roome prepare,
Such as alreadie more then Earthly are.

Next you have knowne (beſides all Arts) their Spring,
The happie Eaſt and from Judea bring
Part of that Power, which her Ayres you Sing,

Laſtly, what is above all reach of Praiſe,
Above reward of any fading Bayes,
No Muſe like yours did ever Language Raiſe.

Devotion, Knowledge, Numbers, from your pen
Mixtly and ſweetely flow, whil'ſt liſtning men
Suſpend their Cares, inamour'd of your theme.

They calme their thoughts, and in their Boſoms owne
Better Deſires, to them perhaps unknowne;
Till by your muſick to themſelves brought home.

Muſick, (the univerſall Language) ſweyes
In everie minde; the World this Power obeyes.
And Natures ſelfe is charm'd by well-tun'd layes:

All diſproportion'd, harſh, diſorder'd Cares,
Unequall thoughts, vaine hopes, and low Deſpaires;
Fly the ſoft Breath of theſe harmonious Ayres.

Here is that Harp, whoſe Charmes uncharm'd the breſt
Of troubled Saul, and that unquiet Gueſt,
With which his Paſſions traveld, diſpoſſeſt.

Job,

Job, moves Amazement, Davide moves our Teares;
His Royall Sonne, a ſad Apparell weares
Of Language, and perſwades to Pious Feares.

Job.
Pſalmes.
Eccles.

The paſſions of the firſt riſe great and high,
But Salomon a leſſe concerned eye
Caſting on all the World, flowes equally.

Not in that ardent courſe, as where hee woes
The ſacred Spouſe and her, chaſt love purſues,
With brighter flames and with a higher Muſe.

Canticles not printed

This worke had beene proportion'd to our Sight,
Had you but knowne with ſome allay to Write,
And not preſerv'd your Authors ſtrength and Light.

But you ſo eruſh thoſe Odors, ſo diſpenſe
Thoſe rich perfumes, you make them too intenſe
And ſuch (Alas) as too much pleaſe our Senſe.

Wee fitter are for ſorrowes, then ſuch love;
Joſiah falls, and by his fall doth move
Teares from the People Mourning from above.

Lamentations.

Judah, in her Joſiahs Death, doth dye
All Springs of griefe are opened to ſupply,
Streames to the torrent of this Elegy.

Others breake forth in everlaſting praiſe
Having their wiſh, and wiſhing they might raiſe,
Some monument of Thanks to after dayes.

The ſeverall Hymns

Theſe are the Pictures, which your happy Art
Gives us, and which ſo well you doe impart,
As if theſe paſſions ſprung in your owne heart.

Others tranſlate, but you the Beames collect.
Of your inſpired Authors, and reflect
Thoſe heavenly Rai's with new and ſtrong effect.

Yet

Yet humane Language only can reſtore,
What humane Language had impair'd before,
And when that once is done can give no more.

Sir, I forbeare to adde to what is ſaid,
Leaſt to your burniſht Gold I bring my Lead,
And with what is Immortall, mixe the Dead.

Sidney Godolphin.

To my worthy Friend Maſter George Sandys.

I preſſe not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feete:
My unwaſht Muſe pollutes not things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
Here, humbly at the Porch, ſhee liſtning ſtayes,
And with glad eares ſucks in thy Sacred Layes.
So, devout Penitents of old were wont,
Some without doore, and ſome beneath the Font,
To ſtand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not aſſiſt the ſolemne Exerciſe.
Sufficeth her, that ſhee a Lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Veſtments, or but beare thy traine:
Though nor in Tune, nor Wing, She reach thy Larke,
Her Lyrick feete may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes, but that Her wandring eyes, that run
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun.
A pure Flame may, ſhot by Almighty Power
Into my breſt, the earthly flame devoure:
My Eyes, in Penitentiall dew may ſteepe
That bryne, which they for ſenſuall love did weepe:
So (though 'gainſt Natures courſe) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water bee with water drencht.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, my reſtleſſe Soule tyr'd with purſuit
Of mortall beautie, ſeeking without fruit
Contentment there; which hath not, when enjoy'd;
Quencht all her thirſt, nor ſatisfi'd though cloy'd;
Weary of her vaine ſearch below, above
In the firſt Faire may find th' immortall Love.
Prompted by thy Example then, no more
In moules of Clay will I my God adore;
But teare thoſe Idols from my Heart, and Write
What his bleſt Spirit, not fond Love, ſhall endite.
Then, I no more ſhall court the Verdant Bay,
But the dry leaveleſſe Trunke on Golgotha:
And rather ſtrive to gaine from thence one Throne,
Then all the flouriſhing Wreathes by Laureats worne.

Tho. Carew.

To my worthy Kinſman Mr. George Sandys *on his excellent* Paraphraſe *upon* Job.

YOu teach us a new Pleaſure, and have ſo
Penn'd the ſad Story, wee delight in Woe.
Teares have their Muſicke too; this mournfull Dreſſe
Doth ſo become Job's ſorrows, and expreſſe
Affliction in ſo ſweet a grace, that wee
Find ſomething to bee lov'd in Miſery.
Here Griefe is witty, that the Reader might
Not ſuffer, in the patience you write.
Let others wanton it, while I admire
Thy warmth, which doth proceede from holy Fire.
'Tis Guilt, not Poetry, to bee like thoſe
Whoſe wit in Verſe, is downe-right Sin in Proſe:

En.

Whose Studies are Prophaneneſſe, as if then
They were good Poets only, when bad Men.
But theſe are purer Flames, nor ſhall thy Heat
Becauſe 'tis good, bee therefore thought not Great.
How vainly doe they erre, who think it fit
A ſacred Subject ſhould bee void of Wit?
I boldly dare affirme, Hee never meant
Wee ſhould bee Dull, who bids, Bee Innocent.
'Tis no excuſe, when you your charme rehearſe
So ſweetly, not to heare, becauſe 'tis Verſe.
Religion is a Matron, whoſe grave Face
From Decent Veſtures doth receive more Grace.
In holy duties fondly wee affect
A miſ-becomming Rudeneſſe, and ſuſpect
Cleane Offerings; wee thinke God likes the Heart
Where leaſt appeares of th'Underſtanding part.
As if Gods Meſſengers did but delude,
Unleſſe what they deliver us, bee rude.
Choice Language is the clothing of your Mind;
Your matter (like thoſe Saints which are inſhrin'd
In Gold, or like to Beauty, when the Lawne
VVith roſie cheeks bepurpled ore, is drawne
To boaſt the lovelineſſe, it ſeemes to hide,
And ſhew more cunningly the bluſhing Bride.)
Hath hence a greater luſtre; they not love
The Body leſſe, who doe the Clothes approve.
So wee upon this Jewell doe not ſet
Leſſe price, becauſe wee praiſe the Cabinet.

Dudley Digges.

To

TO

My honoured Kinsman Mr. George Sandys, on his Admirable Paraphrases.

WHY com'st thou thus attended to the Press?
Thou want'st no Suffrages, the Subject, lesse:
At first, in confidence of thy full Worth,
Single, unknowne, Thou didst adventure forth;
Thy living Works since oft have past the Test,
And every last (to wonder) prov'd the best.
Thy Prose and Verse each other Æmulate,
From Rivals free, at home their Right debate:
Divide the Judgement, whether most t'admire
Roabes loosely flowing, or fine shap't Attire
Nor art to be blam'd, for having past
Pernassus hill, and come to Sion last.
The Schooles from Comments on the Stagyrite,
To heavenly Speculations rais'd their Flight:
The Progresse fit, thought of Philosophy,
'Tis justly fear'd, they tooke too deepe a Dye.
God chiefely warm'd their Breasts with sacred Heat,
Who were in other Knowledges compleat:
though all alike to him, but that he meant
To give some honour to the Instrument.
He who in other Structures merits praise,
May without diffidence a Temple raise.
And sure, Bezaleell-like, Heav'n did instil,
For this intended Frame, that Matchlesse Skill:
Till then thy restlesse Mind mov'd Circular,
Like the touch't Needle, till it find the Starre.
Well did'st thou from the East the entrance make
From whence the light of Poetry first brake.

The hand unknowne, that God this Piece might owne,
(Like the two Tables) for his Worke alone.
The Marke of his immediate Worke it beares,
Even at the Spring a boundleſſe Sea appeares.
For what his Hands, without a ſecond, make,
At once their Being and Perfection take.
His firſt Day Adam a full Man beheld;
And Cana's Water choiceſt Wine exceld.
This firſt of Authors, firſt of Poets, flew
So high a Pitch, as almoſt out of View.
And this was not of Jobs rewards the leſt,
That his rare Story ſuch a Pen expreſt.
What high expreſſions in ſuch depth of Woe!
How ſweet his ſighes, and grones in Numbers flow!
When God himſelfe was pleaſed Job to cite,
Who could ſuch Language worthy him indite!
His juſt Reproofes ſo great a Tenour beare,
As if each Word a clap of Thunder were.
From hence in ſmaller Drilles her courſe ſhee keepes;
And ſcarce diſcern'd, along the Vallies creeps
Through Moſes and the Judges; yet wee may
In theſe diſcover her continued Way.
But when the State into a Kingdome grew,
When all did with their bleſſed King renew;
In the ſweet Singer then againe it flowes,
Her bounds extends, and to a River growes.
His large-ſould Son from Heaven full Light receives,
For every Path and Step direction gives.
Diſcovers to our long-ſeduced Eyes,
Her Fucus off, the Worlds deformities.
And by a Purer quenches ſenſuall Fire,
The Object chang'd, preſerves the Heat entire.
Theſe two, who might with Job diſpute their Right,
Rais'd Numbers to their Apogæon height.
Thence through the Prophets Wee here Current trace,
Whoſe graver Works Poetick Jems enchace:
To ſhew how aptly both aſſume one Name,
Both Heaven-inſpir'd, compos'd of Zeale and Flame:
Above the Reſt, that funerall Elegy,
Preſents ſad Juda, to th'admiring Eye

So

So lovely in her Sable Vaile and Teares;
Scarce any Bride in all her Trim appeares
Of ſuch a winning ſweetneſſe: O what Heart
But muſt due Pitty to her Woes impart!
All theſe, for Proſe had ſtill miſtaken beene,
Their Native grace our Language never ſeene:
Had not thy ſpeaking Picture ſhew'd to All
The wondrous beauty of th'Originall.
Had lien like Stones uncut, and Oare unti'd,
Their Reall Worth the ſame, though ſcarce eſpi'd,
But by the skilfull Linguiſt; To the Moſt
In the darke Senſe, and hard Expriſſions loſt.
Thy Art hath Poliſh't them to what they were,
Unvalued Jewels for the Breaſt, and Eare.
Here fixe thy Pillars, what remaines there high'r,
But th'unknowne Ditties of the heavenly Quire.

Francis Wiatt.

To his worthy Friend Maſter George Sandys *upon his excellent* Paraphraſes.

THy Lines I weigh not by th'Originall;
Nor skan thy Words how evenly they fall:
I moſt applaud thy Pious Choice, who mak'ſt
The Sacred Writ thy Subject, and thence tak'ſt
Thoſe Parts, wherein the moſt Perverſe may ſee
Divinity and Poeſie agree.
Afflicted Job a Veile of Sorrow ſhrouds;
But heavenly Beames diſpell thoſe envious Clouds.
The Royall Pſalmiſt, borne on Angels wings.
Now weeps in Verſe, now Halelu-jahs ſings.

Converted Salomon to our eyes presents
Deluding Joyes, and cureleſſe Diſcontents.
That good Joſiah's Name may never dye,
Thy Muſe revives his Mournfull Elegy.
With the ſame Zeale, doth to our Numbers fit
All the Poetick Parts of Holy Writ.
And thus Salvation thou maiſt bring to thoſe
Who never would have ſought for it in Proſe.

Henry Rainsford.

To his Worthy Friend
Maſter George Sandys
on his Sacred
Poems.

HOw bold a Worke attempts that Pen
Which would enrich our Vulgar tongue
With the high Raptures of thoſe Men
Who here with the ſame Spirit ſung
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

What ever thoſe inſpired Soules
Were urged to expreſſe, did ſhake
The Aged Deepe, and both the Poles:
Their numerous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which doth with Heav'n conſent
To all They wrought, and all They meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could beſtow,
Courage on thee to ſoare ſo high?

Tell

Tell mee (Brave Friend) what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake of all Mortalitie?
To light this Torch thou haſt climb'd higher
Then hee who ſtole cæleſtiall Fire.

Edward Waller.

To my Worthy Friend Maſter George Sandys.

INſpir'd by Thee, who art thy ſelfe a *Muſe*,
Not crown'd with Ivy, or neglected Baies;
But with a ſacred Light, which doth infuſe
Into our Soules her intellectuall Raies:
Among theſe Starres of the firſt Magnitude,
I, in affection, my dimne Taper bring:
For though my Voice bee horſe, my Numbers rude,
On ſuch a Theame who could forbeare to ſing?
Immortall *Sands* whoſe Nectar dropping Pen
Delights, inſtructs; and with that holy Fire,
Which fell from Heaven, warmes the cold breſts of men;
And in their Minds creats a new Deſire.
For Truth in Poeſie ſo ſweetely ſtrikes
Upon the Cords, and Fivers of the Heart;
That it all other Harmony diſlikes,
And happily is Vanquiſht by her Art.
Theſe God like Formes, inſpir'd with Breath divine,
Bleſt in themſelves, and making others Bleſt;
For us are by that curious hand of thine,
In Engliſh Habits elegantly dreſt.
May our great Maſter, to whoſe ſacred Name
Thy Studious Houres ſuch uſuall Gifts direct,
As Cæſar to his Maro, prove the Same;
And equall Beames upon thy Muſe reflect.

Wintour Grant.

Summa Approbationis.

PErlegi hæc Poëmata Sacra in Iob, Davidis Pſalmos, Eccleſiaſten, Lamentationes Ieremiæ Prophetæ, & alios Hymnos Sacros, in quibus omnibus nihil reperio S S. Paginæ contrarium; quominus cum utilitate, ut & Summa Lectorum voluptate Typis mandentur.

Reverendiſſimo in Chriſto Patri, & Dom. D. Arch. Cant. Sacellanus Domeſticus.

Datum Lambethe Novemb. 7. 1637.

GUI. BRAY;

A Paraphraſe upon Job.

IN Hus, a Land which neare the Suns upriſe, *Chap.* 1.
And Northern confines of Sabæa lies,
A great example of Perfection reign'd;
His Name was Job; his Soul with guilt unſtaind.
None with more zeale the Deitie ador'd;
Affected Vertue more, Vice more abhorr'd.
Three beauteous Daughters, and ſeven hopefull Boyes,
Renew'd his youth, and crown'd his Nuptiall Joyes.
Lord of much Riches, which the uſe renownes:
Seven thouſand broad-traild Sheep gras'd on his Downs;
Three thouſand Camels his ranke Paſtures fed;
Arabia's wandring Ships, for traffick bred;
His grateſull Fields a thouſand Oxen till'd;
They with their rich increaſe the hungry fill'd;
Five hundred Aſſes yearely tooke the Horſe;
Producing Mules of greater ſpeede and force;
The Maſter of a mighty Family;
Well or'dred and directed by his Eye.
None was more opulent in all the Eaſt,
Of greater Power; yet ſuch as ſtill increaſt.
By daily turnes the Brothers entertaine
Each other; with the weeke begin againe.
This conſtant cuſtome held; Not to excite
And pamper the voluptuous Appetite;
But to preſerve the Union of their Blood
With ſober Banquets, and unpurchas'd Food.
Th'invited Siſters with their graces bleſt
Their feſtivals; and were themſelves a Feaſt,
Their turnes accompliſht, Jobs religious care
His Sonnes aſſembles; whoſe united praier

Like

Like ſweete perfumes from golden Cenſors riſe:
Then with divine Luſtrations ſanctifies.
And when the Roſy-finger'd Morne aroſe;
From bleating Flocks unblemiſht fatlings choſe;
Proportion'd to their number: theſe he ſlew,
And bleeding on the flaming Alter threw.
Perhaps, ſaid hee, my Children in the heat
Of wine and mirth, their Maker may forget;
And give acceſſe to Sinne. Thus they the Round
Of Concord Keepe; by his Devotions crown'd
Jehova from the ſummit of the skie,
Environ'd with his winged Hierarchie,
The world ſurvaid. When lo, the Prince of Hell,
Who whilome from that envy'd Glory fell,
Like an infectious Exhalation
Shot through the Spheares; and ſtood before his Throne.
Falſe Spirit ſaid, th'Almighty, that all ſhapes
Do'ſt counterfeit to perpetrate thy Rapes;
Whence com'ſt thou? Hee reply'd; I with the Sun
Have circl'd the round World: much People won
From thy ſtrict Rule, to my indulgent Raigne:
Taught that no pleaſure can reſult from paine.
Haſt thou, ſaid God, obſerv'd my ſervant Job?
Is there a Mortall treading on the Globe
Of Earth ſo perfect? can thy wicked Arts
Corrupt his goodneſſe? all thy fiery Darts
The Armor of his fortitude repels;
In Juſtice hee, as thou in fraud, excels:
Our power adores, with ſacrifices feaſts;
Loves what thou hat'ſt; and all thy works deteſts.
Hath Job ſerv'd God for nothing; Satan ſaid:
Or unrewarded at thy Alter paid
His frequent vowes? Haſt thou not him and all
Which hee calls his, incloſed with a wall
Of ſtrength inpregnable? his labours bleſt?
And almoſt with proſperity oppreſt?
Left nothing to deſire? yet ſhould'ſt thou lay
Thy hand upon him; or but take away
What thy Indulgence gave; in foule diſgrace
Hee would blaſpheme, and curſe thee to thy face.

Jehova

Jehova ſaid ; his Children, all hee hath,
Are ſubject to the venome of thy wrath :
Alone his Perſon ſpare. The tempter then
Shrunke from his preſence to th'abodes of Men:
As at their elder Brother's all the reſt
Of that faire off-ſpring celebrate his feaſt
With liberall joy ; and coole th'inflaming blood
Of generous grapes, with chriſtall of the flood :
A Meſſenger arriv'd, halfe out of breath,
Yet pale with horror of eſcaped Death,
And cry'd; Oh Job, as thy ſtrong Oxen till'd
The ſtubborne fallowes ; while thy Aſſes fill'd
Themſelves with Herbage ; all became a prey
To arm'd Sabæans, who in ambuſh lay :
Thy Servants by their curſed fury ſlaine;
And I the only Meſſenger remaine.
Another entred ere his tale was told,
With ſinged haire ; and ſaid ; I muſt unfold
A dreadful! Accident : At Noone, a Night
Of clouds aroſe, that Day depriv'd of Light :
Whoſe roaring conflicts from their breaches threw
Darts of inevitable flame, which ſlew
Thy Sheepe and Shephards : I, of all alone
Eſcap'd, to make the ſad Diſaſter knowne.
This hardly ſaid ; a third, with blood imbrew'd,
Brake through the Preſſe, and thus his griefe purſu'd :
The fierce Chaldæans in three Troopes aſſaild
Our Guards ; till they their Souls through wounds (exhald :
Then drave away thy Camels, only I
Thus wounded, live to tell thy loſſe, and Die.
As thronging Billowes one another drive
To murmuring ſhores ; ſo thick and faſt arrive
Theſe Meſſengers of Death : The fourth and laſt,
With ſtaring haire, wild lookes, and breathleſſe haſte,
Ruſht in and ſaid : Oh Job ! prepare to heare
The ſaddeſt newes that ever pierc'd an eare.
Loe, as thy Children on ſoft Couches lay,
And with diſcourſes entertain'd the Day,
A ſodain Tempeſt from the Deſert flew
With horrid wings, and thundred as it blew.

Then

Then whirling round, the Quoines together ſtroake;
And to the ground that lofty fabrick ſhooke:
Thy Sonnes and Daughters buryed in the fall;
VVho, ah! deſerv'd a nobler Funerall.
And I alone am living to relate
Their Tragedies, that was deni'd their Fate.
Hee, who the aſſaults of Fortune, like a rock
So long withſtood; could not ſuſtaine this ſhock;
But riſing, forthwith from his ſhoulders tare
His purple robe, and ſhav'd his dangling haire
Then on the Earth his Body proſtrate laid;
And thus with humble adoration, ſaid;
Naked I was, at my firſt houre of Birth:
And naked muſt returne unto the Earth.
God gives; God takes away: Oh be his Name
For ever bleſt! thus free form touch of blame
Job firmely ſtood: and with a patient mind
His Croſſes bare; nor at his God repin'd.

Chap. 2 Againe when all the radiant Sonnes of Light
Before his Throne appear'd, whoſe only ſight
Beatitude infus'd: Th'inveterate foe,
In fogs aſcended from the depth below,
Profain'd their bleſt Aſſembly; what pretence,
Said God, hath brought thee hither? and from whence?
I come, ſaid he, from compaſſing the Earth;
Their Travels ſeene who ſpring from humane birth.
Then God; haſt thou my Servant Job beheld?
Can his rare pietie be paralel'd;
His Juſtice equal'd? can alluring vice,
With all her Sorceries, his Soule intice?
His daily Oriſons attract our Eares;
Who puniſhment leſſe then the treſpaſſe, feares:
And ſtill his old Integritie retaines
Through all his woes, inflicted by thy traines.
When hee, whoſe labouring thoughts admit no reſt,
This anſwer threw out of his Stygian breſt:
Job to himſelfe is next, who will not give
All that hee hath, ſo his owne Soule may live?
Stretch out thy hand; with aches pierce his bones,
His fleſh with laſhes; multiply his grones:

Then

Then if hee curſe thee not, let thy dire Curſe
Increaſe my torments, if they can bee worſe.
To whome the Lord: Thou inſtrument of ſtrife,
Enjoy thy cruell wiſh: but ſpare his Life:
The Soule of Envy, from his preſence went;
And through the burning Aire, made his deſcent.
To execution falls: The blood within
His veines inflames, and poyſons his ſmooth skin.
Now all was but one ſore; from foot to head
With burning Carbuncles, and Ulcers ſpread;
Hee on the Aſhes ſits, his fate deplores;
And with a pot-ſherd, ſcrapes the ſwelling Sores.
His frantick wife, whoſe patience could not beare
Such waight of Miſeries, thus wounds his eare.
Is this the purchaſe of thy Innocence?
O Foole, thy Piety is thy offence.
Hee whom thou ſerv'ſt, hath us of all bereft;
Our Children ſlaine, and thee to torments left.
Goe on; his Juſtice praiſe; O rather flye
To thy aſſur'd releife; Curſe God and dye.
Thou wretch thy Sexes folly; hee reply'd;
Shall we who have ſo long his bounty try'd,
And flouriſh't in his favour, now not beare
Our harmes with patience; but renounce his Feare?
Thus his great Minde his Miſeries tranſcends;
Nor the leaſt accent of his lips offends.

Now was his ruine by the breath of Fame
Divulg'd through all the Eaſt; when Zophar came
From pleaſant Naamath; wiſe Eliphas *Chap. 4.*
From the man, rich in Palmes, but poore in graſſe;
And Bildad from Suitah's fruitfull Soile;
Prais'd for the plenty of her Corne and Oyle.
Theſe meete from ſeverall Quarters to condole
With their old Friend, and comfort his ſad Soule:
Yet at the firſt, unknown: his Miſeries
Had ſo transform'd him, known, they joyn'd their cryes,
Wept bitterly, their ſable Mantles tare,
Rais'd Clouds of Duſt, that fell upon their haire.
Seven Dayes they ſate beſides him on the ground;
As many Nights, in ſilent Sorrow drown'd.

For

For yet they knew the Torrent of his woe
Would by reſiſtance more outragious grow.
Hee, when exceſſe of Sorrow, had given way
To the reliefe of words, thus curs'd his Day:
O periſh may the Day, which firſt gave light
To me, moſt wretched! and the fatall Night
Of my Conception! let that Day be bound
In Clouds of Pitch, nor walke th'Etheriall Round.
Let God not write it in His Roll of Dayes:
Nor let the Sunne reſtore it with his Raies.
Let Deaths Darke Shades involve, no light appeare
But dreadfull Lightnings; it's owne horrors feare.
Bee it the firſt of Miſeries to all,
Or laſt of Life; defam'd with Funerall.
O bee that diſmall Night, for ever blind!
Loſt in it ſelfe; nor to the Day rejoyn'd!
Nor numbred in the ſwift Circumference
Of Monthes and Yeares; but vaniſh in offence.
O let it ſad and ſolitary prove:
No ſprightly Muſick heare, nor Songs of Love.
Let wandring Apparitions then affright
The trembling Bride, and quench the Nuptiall light.
O Let thoſe hate it, who the Day-light hate:
Who mourne and grone beneath their ſorrowes waight.
Let the eclipſed Moone, her Throne reſigne,
In ſteed of Starres, let Blazing Meteors ſhine.
Let it not ſee the Dawning flecke the ſkies;
Nor the gray Morning from the Ocean riſe:
Becauſe the Doore of Life it left unclos'd,
And me, a wretch, to cruell fates expos'd.
Oh why was I not ſtrangled in the wombe!
Nor in that ſecret priſon found a Tombe!
Or ſince untimely borne; why did not I
(The next of bleſſings) in that inſtant die?
VVhy kneel'd the *Midwife* at my *Mothers* throes!
VVith paine produc'd! and nurſe for future woes!
Elſe had I an eternall Requiem kept;
And in the armes of Peace for ever ſlept:
VVhich Kings and Princes ranck't; who lofty frames
In Deſerts rais'd, t'immortalize their Names;

VVho

VVho made the wealth, of Provinces their prey;
In death as mighty, and as rich, as they.
Then I, as an Abortive, had not beene;
Nor with the hated Light, ſuch Sorrowes ſeene;
Slept, where none ere by violence oppreſt;
And where the weary from their Labors reſt;
No Priſoners there, inforc'd by torments, cry;
But feareleſſe by their old Tormentors Lye;
The *Meane*, and Great, on equall Baſes ſtand;
No Servants there obey, nor Lords command.
VVhy ſhould afflicted Soules in anguiſh live!
And only have immunitie to grieve?
Oh how they wiſh for death, to cloſe their eyes!
But oh, in vaine? ſince hee the wretched flyes.
For whome they dig, as Pioneres for Gold;
VVhich the darke entrales of the Earth unfould;
And having found him as their Libertie,
VVith Joy encounter and contented die.
VVhy ſhould he live, from whome God hath the path
Of ſafetie hid, incompaſt with his wrath?
In ſtormes of ſigh's I taſte my bitter food;
My grones breake from me, like a roaring flood.
The Ruine which I feard, and in my thought
So oft revolv'd, one fatall Houre hath brought.
Nor durſt I on Proſperitie preſume;
Or time in ſleepe, and barren Eaſe conſume;
But watch my wary ſteps; and yet for all
My Providence, theſe Plagues upon me fall.

Temanian Eliphas made this reply; *Chap.* 4.
O Friend, bee it no breach of Love, that I
VVith ſilence dare not juſtifie a wrong;
For who in ſuch a Cauſe can curb his Tongue?
VVilt thou, that wert to pietie a guide,
That others haſt with patience fortifide;
Confirm'd the Strong, given ſinewes to the VVeake;
Now in the change of Fortune faint, and breake
Into offences? aggravate thy harmes,
Forſake thy ſtrength, and caſt away thy armes?
Is this thy Piety, thy Confidence,
Thy hope and Life untainted with offence?

Conſult

Conſult with former Ages : Have they knowne
The guiltleſſe periſh, or the Juſt ore'thrown ?
But thoſe who plow with vice, and miſchiefe throw
Into the furrowes ; reape the Seede they ſow.
God ſhall deſtroy them with his Noſtrills breath :
And ſend them weeping to the caves of Death.
For hee the raging Lyoneſſe confounds ;
The roaring Lyon with his javelin wounds :
Scatters their Whelps ; their grinders breakes : ſo they,
With the old Hunter, ſtarve for want of Prey.
Now when the Night her ſable wings had ſpred ;
And ſteepe his Deaw on penſive Mortals ſhed :
When Viſions in their aiery ſhapes appeare ;
A Voice not humane, whiſpered in mine eare.
My knees each other ſtruck; the frighted blood
Fled to my heart; my haire like briſtles ſtood.
An Angel then appear'd before my ſight :
Yet could not ſhape diſcerne; ſo great a light
Hee threw about him : forthwith, ſilence brake;
And thus to mee, intranc'd with wonder, ſpake :
Shall mortall Man, that is but borne to die ;
Compare in Juſtice, and Integritie,
With him who made him ? he who muſt deſcend
Againe to Earth, and in Corruption end ?
His Angels were imperfect in his ſight,
Although indu'd with Intellectuall Light ;
Whome hee accus'd of folly : much more they,
Who dwell in houſes, built of brittle clay ;
Which have their weake foundations in the duſt :
The foode of wormes, and Times devouring Ruſt.
They to the Evening from the Sunnes upriſe,
Are exercis'd with change of Miſeries :
Then, unregarded, ſet in endleſſe Night ;
Nor ever ſhall review the Morning light.
Thus all their Glories vaniſh with their breath :
They, and their Wiſedomes, vanquiſhed by Death.

Chap. 5 Now try what Patron, can thy cauſe defend ;
What Saint wilt thou ſolicite, or what Friend ?
The ſtorme of his owne rage the foole confounds :
And Envies rankling ſting th'imprudent wounds.

Of

Oft have I ſeene him, like a Cedar, ſpread
His ample Roote ; and his ambitious Head
With Clouds inveſt ; then, to th'amaze of all,
Plow up the Earth with his prodigious fall.
His wandring Orphans finde no ſafe retreat;
But friendleſſe ſuffer at the Judgement-Seat ;
The greedy eate the harveſt of their toile,
Snatcht from the ſcratching thornes ; to thieves a ſpoile.
Though Sorrow ſpring not from the wombe of Earth;
Nor troubles from the Duſt derive their Birth;
Yet man is borne to numerous Miſeries,
As dying Sparks from trembling flames ariſe.
Should I the burthen of thy face ſuſtaine?
I would not juſtifie my ſelfe in vaine;
But at his feet my humble Soule deject
With prayers and teares, who wonders can effect,
As infinite? as great , and farre above
That Spheare wherein our low Conceptions move,
He waters from celeſtiall Caſements powers,
Which fall upon the furrowed Earth in ſhowers:
To comfort thoſe who mourne in want , and give
The famiſht food, that they may eate and Live.
The Counſels of the Subtill he prevents,
And by his wiſedome fruſtrates their Intents,
Intangles in the Snares themſelves contrive,
Who deſperately to their owne Ruine drive.
They meete with Darkneſſe in the cleareſt Light,
And grope at Noone, as if involv'd with Night.
Licentious Swords, Oppreſſion arm'd with power,
Nor Enviesjawes, the Righteous ſhall devoure.
They ever hope, though exercis'd with care;
The wicked ſilen'ſt by their owne deſpaire.
Happy is he whom Gods owne hands chaſtiſe
Since ſo, let none his Chaſtiſements deſpiſe.
For he both hurts and heales , binds up againe
The wounds he made, and mittigates their paine.
In ſixe afflictions will thy refuge be,
And from the ſeventh, and laſt, ſhall ſet thee free.
From meager Famines bloodleſſe Maſſacrees,
And from the cruell thirſt of horrid Warres:

Preſerved from the ſcourge of poyſonous tongues,
The ſting of Malice, and inſulting wrongs.
Thou ſhalt in ſafety ſmile when all the Earth
Shall ſuffer by the rage of Warre and Dearth.
The Mydian Tyger, The Arabian Beare,
Nor Idumæan Lion ſhalt thou feare.
They all their native fierceneſſe ſhall decline,
And ſonceleſſe Stones ſhall in thy aid combine.
Thy Tents ſhall flouriſh in the joyes of Peace;
The wealth and honour of thy Houſe encreaſe,
Thy Children, and their oft-ſpring, ſhall abound
Like blades of graſſe, that cloath the pregnant ground.
Thou, full of Dayes, like weighty ſhocks of Corne
In ſeaſon reapt, ſhalt to thy grave be borne.
This truth, by long experience learnt, apply
To thy Diſeaſe, and on the cure rely.
Then Job, Oh were my ſufferings duly weigh'd,
Chap. 6. Were they together in one Balance laid;
The Sands, whereon the rowling Billowes roare,
Were leſſe in weight, and not in number more.
My words are ſwallowed in theſe Depths of woes;
While Stormes of ſighs my ſilent griefe diſcloſe.
Gods Arrowes on my breaſt deſcend in ſhowers:
There ſtick, and poyſon all my vitall powers.
'Tis hee, who armes againſt a Mortall beares;
Subdues by ſtrength, and chils my heart with feares.
Doe hungry Aſſes in freſh paſtures bray?
Or Oxen low before full cribs of hay?
Oh can unſeas'ned cates the guſt invite?
What taſte is in an Eggs un-ſavory white?
My lothing ſoule abhorres your bitter food;
Which ſorrow feeds, and turnes my teares to blood.
Oh that the Lord would favor my requeſt,
And ſend my Soule to her eternall reſt!
Deliver from this Dungeon, which reſtraines
Her liberty, and breake afflictions chaines!
Then ſhould my Torments finde a ſure reliefe;
And I become inſenſible of griefe.
Oh, but not ſparing, cure his wounds; who hath
Divulg'd thy truth, and ſtill preſerv'd his faith!

What

What ſtrength have I to hope, or to what end
Should I on ſuch a waſted Life depend ?
Was I by rocks ingendred ? ribd with ſteele ?
Such tortures to reſiſt, or not to feele ?
No hope, no comfort, but in Death is left ;
Thus torne with wounds, of all my Joyes bereft.
True Friends, who feare their Maker, ſhould impart
Soft pitie to a ſad and broken Heart :
But Oh, the great in vowes, and neare in Blood,
Forſake me like the torrent of a Flood :
Which in the winding vallies glides away ;
And ſcarce maintaines the Current of a Day :
Or ſtands in ſolid Ice, conceal'd with Snow ;
But when the lowdly-ſtorming South winds blow,
And mounted Sun invades it with his beames,
Diſſolves ; and ſcatters his exhauſted Streames
Who from the parched fields of Thema came,
From Shæba ſcorched with etheriall Flame.
In expectation to aſſwage their thirſt :
Deluded, bluſht ; and his dry channels curſt.
So you now ceaſe to be what once you were :
And view my downfall with the eyes of Feare,
Have I requir'd your bounty to repaire
My ruin'd fortues ? was it in my praier
That you for me the Mighty would oppoſe
And in a juſt revenge purſue my foes ?
If I have err'd inſtruct me ; tell wherein:
My tongue ſhall never juſtifie a Sin.
Although a due reproofe informe the Senſe,
Detraction is the gall of Impudence.
Why add you ſorrow to a troubled mind ?
Paſſion muſt ſpeake ; her words are but as wind,
Againſt an Orphan you your forces bend,
And banquet with th'afflictions of a friend.
Accuſe not now, but judge ; You from my youth
Have known and tri'd me, ſpeake I more then truth ?
Unveile your Eyes, and then I ſhall appeare
The ſame I am; from all aſperſions cleare.
Have I my heart diſguiſed with my tongue ?
Could not my taſte diſtinguiſh right from wrong ?

Chap. 7. The life of Man is a perpetuall warre:
In Miſerie and Sorrow Circular.
Hee a poore mercenary ſerves for bread:
For all his travell, only cloth'd and fed.
The Hireling longs to ſee the Shades aſcend;
That with the tedious Day his toyle might end,
And hee his pay receive: but, ah! in vaine
I Monthes conſume; yet never reſt obtaine.
The Night charmes not my Cares with ſleepeleſſe eyes
My Torments cry: When will the Morning riſe!
Why runs the Charriot of the Night ſo ſlow?
The Day-Star finds me toſſing to and fro.
Wormes gnaw my fleſh; with filth my ulcers run;
My skin like clods of Earth, chapt with the Sunne:
Like ſhuttles through the loome, ſo ſwiftly glide
My fethered Howers; and all my hopes deride!
Remember? Lord, my life is but a wind;
Which paſſeth by, and leaves no print behind.
Then never ſhall my Eyes their lids unfold;
Nor mortall ſight my vaniſht face behold,
Nor thou, to whom our thoughts apparant bee
Should'ſt thou deſire, could'ſt him, that is not, ſee.
As clouds reſolve to aire, ſo never more.
Shall gloomy Graves their Dead to Light reſtore,
Nor ſhall th y to their ſumptuous Roofes returne,
But lye forgotten, as if never borne.
Then, O my Soule, while thou haſt freedome, breake
Into Complaints, give Sorrow leave to ſpeake.
Am I a raging Sea, or furious Whale?
That thou ſhould'ſt thus confine me with a wall?
How often when the riſing Stars had ſpread
Their golden Flames, ſaid I! now ſhall my Bed
Refreſh my weary limbs, and peacefull Sleepe.
My care and anguiſh in his Lethe ſteepe.
But I! ſad Dreames my troubled Braines ſurpriſe,
And gaſtly Viſions wound my ſtaring Eyes.
So that my yeilding Soule, ſubdude with griefe,
And torturd Body, to their laſt reliefe
Would gladly flye, and by a violence.
Leſſe painefull, take from greater paine the Senſe.

For

For life is but my curſe; reſume the breath
I muſt reſtore, and fold mee up in Death.
O what is man? to whom thou ſhould'ſt imparr
So great an Honour as to ſearch his Hart!
To watch his Steps! obſerve him with thine eye!
And daily with renew'd afflictions try!
Still muſt I ſuffer? wilt thou never leave?
Nor give a little time for griefe to breathe?
My Soule hath ſinn'd, how can I expiate
Her guilt, great Guardian, or prevent thy hate?
Why aim'ſt thou all thy darts at mee alone?
Who to my ſelfe am now a Burthen growne.
Wilt thou not to a broken Heart diſpenſe
Thy Balm of mercy, and expunge th'offence,
E're duſt returne to duſt? Then thou no more
Shalt ſee my Face, nor I thy name adore.

Thus Job. Then Bildad of Suita ſaid. *Chap.* 8.

Vaine Man, how long wilt thou thy God up-braid?
And, like the roaring of a furious wind,
Thus vent the wild diſtemper of thy mind?
Can hee Pervert his Judgements? ſhall hee ſwerve
From his owne Juſtice, and thy Paſſions ſerve?
If hee thy Sonnes for their rebellion ſlew,
Death was the wages to their merit due.
Oh would'ſt thou ſeeke unto the Lord betimes,
With fervent prayer, and abſtinence from crimes,
Nor with new follies ſpot thy Innocence;
Then would hee alwaies watch in thy defence,
The Houſe, that harbor'd ſo much virtue, bleſſe
With fruitfull Peace, and crowne thee with ſucceſſe.
Then would hee centuple thy former ſtore,
And make thee farre more happy then before.
Search thou the Records of Antiquitie,
And on our Anceſtors reflect an Eye;
For wee, alas! are but of Yeſterday,
Know nothing, and like ſhadowes fleet away.
Thou in thoſe Mirrors ſhalt the truth behold,
Whoſe tongues un-erring Oracles unfold.
Can Bulruſhes but by the River grow?
Can Flags there flouriſh where no waters flow?

Yet they, when greene, when yet untoucht, of all
That cloth the Spring, firſt hang their heads, and fall.
So double-hearted Hypocrites, ſo they
Who God forget, ſhall in their prime decay.
Their ayery hopes as brittle as the thin
And ſubtill webs, which toyling Spiders ſpin.
Their Houſes full of wealth, and Ryot, ſhall
Deceive their truſt; and cruſh them in their fall.
Though like a Cedar, by the River fed,
Hee to the Sunne his ample branches ſpread,
His top ſurrounds with Clouds; deepe in the flood
Bathes his firme Roores; even of himſelfe a VVood:
And from his height a night-like ſhadow throw
Upon the marble Palaces below:
Yet ſhall the Axe of Juſtice hew him down,
And levell with the Roore, his lofty Crown.
No Eye ſhall his out-raz'd impreſſion view,
Nor mortall know where ſuch a Glory grew.
Thoſe ſeeming goods, whereof the wicked vaunt
Thus fade, while others on their ruines plant.
God never will the Innocent forſake,
Nor ſinfull Soules to his protection take.
Cleanſe thou thy Heart: then in thy ample breaſt
Joy ſhall triumph, and ſmiles thy cheekes inveſt.
He will thy Foes with ſilent ſhame confound,
And their proud ſtructures levell with the ground.

Chap. 9. This is a truth acknowledg'd, Job replies:
But Oh what Man is righteous in his Eyes!
Who can not-guilty plead before his Throne?
Or of a thouſand Actions anſwere one?
God is in wiſedome, as in pow'r, immenſe;
Who ever could contend without offence,
Offend unpuniſh't; you who glory moſt
In your owne ſtrength, can you of conqueſt boaſt?
Cloud-touching Mountaines to new ſeates are borne
From their Foundations, by his fury torne.
Th'affrighted Earth in her diſtemper quakes,
When his Almighty hand her Pillars ſhakes.
At whoſe command the Suns ſwift Horſes ſtay,
While Mortalls wonder at ſo long a Day.

The

The *Moone* into her darkned Orb retires:
Nor ſeal'd up Starres extend their golden fires.
He, only He, Heavens blew Pavillion ſpreads,
And on the Oceans dancing billowes treads.
Immane Arcturus, weeping Pleiades,
Orion, who with Stormes plowes up the Seas,
For ſeverall Seaſons fram'd: and all that rowle
Their radiant Flames about th'Antartick Pole.
What wonders are effected by his might!
Oh how inſcrutable, how infinite!
Though hee obſerve me, and be ever by;
Yet, Ah! Inviſible to mortall Eye.
Can hands of fleſh compell him to reſtore
What hee ſhall take? or who dare aske wherefore?
The great in Pride, and Power, like Meteors ſhall
(If he relent not) by his Vengeance fall.
And Oh ſhall I, a worme, my cauſe defend,
Or in vaine Argument with God contend?
I would not, were I Innocent, diſpute;
But humbly to my Judge preſent my Suite:
Yet never could my hopes be confident,
Though God himſelfe ſhould to my wiſh conſent:
Who with inceſſant ſtormes my Peace confounds,
And multiplies my undeſerved wounds:
Nor gives me time to breathe, my Stomack fills
With foode of bitter taſte, and Lothſome pills.
Speake I of ſtrength, his ſtrength the ſtrong obay:
If I of Judgement ſpeake, who ſhall a Day
Appoint for tryall? ſhould I juſtifie
A Vice, my heart would give my tongue the lye.
If of perfection boaſt; I ſhould herein
My guilt diſcloſe: thought I, I had no Sin;
*My*ſelfe I ſhould not know. Oh bitter ſtrife!
VVhoſe only Iſſue is the hate of life!
Yet Judge not by events: in generall
The good and bad without diſtinction fall.
For he th'Appeale of Innocence deride;
And with his Sword the controverſe decides:
He gives the Earth to thoſe that tyrannize:
And ſpreads a vaile before the Judges Eyes.

Or elſe what were his power? Oh you who ſee
My miſeries, this truth behold in mee!
My dayes runne like a poſt, and leave behinde
No tract of joy: as Ships before the winde,
They through this humaine Ocean ſaile away,
And fly like Eagles which purſue their prey.
If I determine to remove my care,
Forget my griefe, and comfort my Deſpaire:
The feare that hee would never purge mee, mocks
M'imbarqued Hopes, and drives them on the Rocks.
For if hee hold me guilty, if I ſoile
My ſelfe with Sin, I then but vainely toyle.
Though I ſhould waſh my ſelfe in melting Snow,
Untill my hand were whiter, hee would throw
Mee downe to earth: and, ah! ſo plunge in mire,
That I ſhould loath to touch my owne attire:
For hee, is not as I: a man, with whome
I might contend, and to a tryall come.
I, in my cauſe ſhall finde no Advocate,
Nor Umpire, to compoſe our ſad debate.
Oh ſhould hee from my ſhoulders take his Rod,
Free from the awe and terror of a God:
Then would I argue in my owne defence;
And boldly juſtifie my Innocence.

Chap. 10. Oh I am ſick of life! nor will controule
My paſſion but in bitterneſſe of Soule,
Thus teare the Aire: what ſhould thy wrath incenſe
To puniſh him, who knowes not his offence?
Ah! do'ſt thou in oppreſſion take delight?
Wilt thou thy Servant fold in ſhades of Night,
And ſmile on wicked Councels? do'ſt thou ſee
With Eyes of Fleſh? is Truth conceal'd from thee?
What are thy Dayes as fraile as ours? or can
Thy yeares determine like the age of Man?
That thou ſhould'ſt my Delinquencies exquire;
And with Variety of tortures tire?
Cannot my knowne integritie remove
They cruell Plagues? wilt thou remorſeleſſe prove?
Ah! wilt thou thy owne workemanſhip confound?
Shall the ſame hand that did create, now wound?

Remember

Remember I am built of clay, and muſt
Reſolve to my originary Duſt,
Thou powr'dſt me out like milke into the wombe,
Like curds conden'ſt; and in that ſecret roome
My Limbs proportion'd, cloth'd with fleſh and skin,
With bones, and ſinewes, fortifi'd within;
The Life thou gav'ſt, thou haſt with plentie fed;
Long cheriſh't, and through Dangers ſafely led.
All this is buryed in thy breſt: and yet
I know thou can'ſt not thy old Love forget.
Thou, if I erre, obſerv'ſt me with ſterne eyes;
Nor will the plea of Ignorance ſuffice.
Woe unto me ſhould ſinne my Soule infect?
Who dare not now, though innocent, erect
My downe caſt lookes: which clouds of ſhame unfold.
Great God, my growing Miſeries behold!
Thou like a Lion hunt'ſt mee: wounds on wounds
Thy hands inflict; thy fury knowes no bounds.
Againſt mee all thy plagues embattaild are;
Subdu'd with changes of internall warre.
Why did'ſt thou draw me from my mothers wombe?
Would I from thence had ſlipt into my Tombe,
Before the Eye of man my face had ſeene,
And mixt with duſt, as I had never beene!
Oh ſince I have ſo ſhort a time to live,
A little eaſe to theſe my torments give,
Before I goe where all in ſilence mourne;
From whoſe darke ſhores no travellers returne:
A Land where Death, Confuſion, endleſſe Night,
And Horror reigne; where Darkeneſſe is their Light.

Thus Zophar with acerbity reply'd:
Think'ſt thou by talking to be juſtifi'd? *Chap.* 11.
Or ſhall theſe wild diſtempers of thy minde,
This tempeſt of thy tongue, thus rave, and finde
No oppoſition? ſhall wee guilty bee
Of thy untruths, in not reproving thee?
Nor die thy cheekes in Bluſhes for the ſcorne
Thou throw'ſt on us, till now with patience borne?
Haſt thou not ſaid to God? my hart's upright,
My Doctrine pure, I blameleſſe in thy ſight,

O that he would bee pleaſed to reply,
And take the vaile from thy Hypocriſie!
Should thee reveale his wiſdome to thine eyes;
How would'ſt thou thy integritie deſpiſe?
Acknowledging theſe puniſhments farre leſſe
Then thy offences? and his grace profeſſe?
Canſt thou into thy Makers Councells dive?
Or to the knowledge of his thoughts arrive?
Higher then higheſt Heavens, more deepe then Hell,
Longer then Earth, more broad then Seas that ſwell
Above their ſhores, can man his foot-ſteps trace?
Would hee the courſe of Nature change? the face
Of things invert? and all diſſolve againe
To their old Chaos? who could God reſtraine?
Hee knowes that man is vaine: his eyes detect
Their ſecret crimes? and ſhall not hee correct?
Thus fooles grow wiſe, ſubdue their ſtubborne ſoules;
Though in their pride more rude then Aſſes foles.
If thou affect thy cure; reforme thy wayes;
Let penitence reſolve to teares, and raiſe
Thy hands to heaven; what rapine got, reſtore;
Nor let inſidious Vice approach thy Doore.
Then thou thy lookes ſhalt raiſe from blemiſh cleare,
Walke in full ſtrength, and no diſaſter feare.
As Winter Torrents, tumbling from on high,
Waſte with their ſpeede, and leave their channels dry:
So ſhall the ſenſe of former ſorrowes runne
From thy remembrance. As the mounted Sunne
Breakes through the Clouds, and throwes his golden (Raies
About the world; ſhall thy increaſing Dayes
Succeed in Glory. Thou thy ſelfe ſhalt riſe
Like that bright Starre, which laſt forſakes the skies:
For ever by thy ſteadfaſt hopes ſecur'd;
Intrenched, and with walls of Braſſe immur'd:
Confirm'd againſt all Stormes. Soft ſleepe ſhall cloſe
Thy guarded eyes with undiſturb'd repoſe.
The great ſhall honour; the diſtreſſed ſhall
Thy grace implorme: belov'd, or fear'd of all.
The ſight of thee, ſhall ſtrike the envious blind:
The wicked with anxietie of Mind

Shall

Shall pine away, in ſighs conſume their breath,
Prevented in their hopes by ſudden Death.
To whom thus Job; You are the only wiſe, *Chap.* 12.
And when you die the fame of Wiſdome dies.
Though paſſion bee a foole, though you profeſſe
Your ſelves ſuch Sages; yet know I no leſſe,
Nor am to you inferior. What blinde Soule
Could this not ſee? 'Tis eaſie to controule.
My ſad examples ſhewes, how thoſe whoſe cries
Even God regards, their ſcoffing friends deſpiſe.
He that is wretched, though in life a Saint,
Becomes a ſcorne; this is an old Complaint.
Thoſe who grow old in fluency and eaſe,
When they from ſhore behold him toſt on Seas,
And neere his ruine; his condition ſlight,
Pric'd as a Lamp conſum'd with his owne light.
The Tents of Robbers flouriſh. Earths increaſe
Foments their ryot who diſturb her peace.
Who God contemne, in ſinne ſecurely raigne,
And proſperous Crimes the meede of Vertue gaine.
Aske thy thou Citizens of pathleſſe woods,
What cut the aire with wings, what ſwim in floods;
Brute beaſts, and foſtering Earth; in generall
They will confeſſe the power of God in all.
Who knowes not that his hands both good and ill
Diſpenſe? that Fate depends upon his will?
All that have Life are ſubject to his ſway,
And at his pleaſure proſper, or decay.
Is not the Eare the Judge of Eloquence?
Gives not the Pallate to the Taſt his ſenſe?
Sure, knowledge is deriv'd from length of yeares;
And Wiſedomes browes are cloth'd with Silver haires.
Gods power is as his prudence, equall great,
In Councell, and Intelligence, compleat.
Who can what hee ſhall ruine build againe?
Looſe whom hee binds? or his ſtrong Arme reſtraine?
At his rebuke, the Living waters flye
To their old Springs, and leave their Channels dry;
When he commands, in Cataracts they roare;
And the wild Ocean leaves it ſelfe no ſhoare.

His

His Wiſedome and his Power our thoughts tranſcend;
Both the deceiver and deceiv'd depend
Upon his beck: He thoſe who others rule
Infatuates, and makes the Judge a foole:
Diſſolves the Nerves of Empire, Kings deprives
Of Soveraignty, their Crownes exchang'd for gyves,
Inprovriſh't Nobles into exile leades:
And on the Carcaſes of Princes treads.
Takes from the Orator his eloquence;
From ancient Sages their diſcerning ſenſe.
Subjects the worthy to contempt and wrong:
The valiant terrifies, diſarmes the ſtrong.
Unvailes the ſecrets of the ſilent Night
Brings, what the ſhades of death obſcures, to Light.
A Nation makes more numerous then the Stars:
Againe devours with Famine, Plagues, and Wars,
Now, like a Deluge, they the Earth ſurround:
Fortwith, reduc'd into a narrow bound.
He Fortitude and Counſell takes away
From their Commanders, who in Deſerts ſtray,
Grope in the Darke, and to no Seat confine
Their wandring feet, but reele as drunk with wine,

Chap. 13. This by mine Eyes and eares have I convay'd
Downe to my heart: and in that Cloſet laid.
Need I in depth of knowledge yeild to you?
Is not as much to my diſcretion due?
Oh that th'All-ſeeing Judge, who cannot erre,
Would heare me plead, and with a wretch conferre!
You Corraſives into my wounds diſtill:
And ignorant Artiſts, with your phyſick kill.
Ah! ſhame you not to vent ſuch forgeries?
Seale up your lips and be in ſilence wiſe.
And ſince you are by farre more fit to heare,
Then to inſtruct; afford my tongue an eare.
Oh will you wickedly for God diſpute?
And by deceitfull wayes ſtrive to confute?
Are you, in favour of his perſon, bent
Thus to prejudicate the Innocent
Need's he an Advocate to plead his Cauſe?
To juſtifie untruth's againſt his Lawes?

Can

Can you on him ſuch falſities obtrude ?
And as a Mortall the moſt wiſe delude ?
Will it availe you, when hee ſhall remove.
Your painted vizors ? will not hee reprove,
And ſharply puniſh ; if in ſecret you,
For favour, or reward, Injuſtice doe ?
Shall not his Excellence your Soules affright ?
His Horrors on your heads like Thunder light ?
Your memories to aſhes muſt decay ;
And your fraile bodies are but built of clay.
Forbeare to ſpeake, till my Conceptions ſhall
Diſcharge their Birth ; then let what will befall,
Why ſhould I teare my fleſh ? caſt off the care
Of future life ? and languiſh in deſpaire ?
Though God ſhould kill me, I my confidence
On him would fixe, not quit my owne defence.
Hee ſhall reſtore me by his ſaving might,
Nor ſhall the Hypocrite approach his ſight.
Give me your eares, Oh you who were my Friends,
While injur'd Innocence it ſelfe defends,
I am prepar'd, and wiſh my Cauſe were try'd,
In full aſſurance to be juſtifi'd.
Begin, who will accuſe ? ſhould I not ſpeake
In ſuch a truth, my heart with griefe would breake.
Juſt Judge, two Lo's remove ; that free from dread,
I may before thy high Tribunall plead.
Oh let theſe torments from my fleſh depart,
Nor with thy terrors daunt my trembling heart,
Then charge, ſo I my life may juſtifie.
And to my juſt complaint doe thou reply.
What Sinnes are thoſe that ſo pollute my breſt,
Oh ſhew how oft I have thy Lawes tranſgreſt ?
Wil thou thy ſervant of thy ſight deprive,
And as an Enemy to ruine drive ?
Wilt thou a withered leafe to powder grind ?
Toſt in the aire by every breath of wind,
Or with the Lightning into Aſhes turne
Such worthleſſe Stubble ? only dry'd to burne.
Thou haſt indited mee of bitter Crimes :
Now puniſh't, for the faults of former times.

Lo!

Lo! my reſtrained feet thy fetters wound;
Watcht with a guard, and rooted in the ground.
Like rotten fruit I fall: worne like a cloth
Gnawne into rags by the devouring Moth.
chap. 14. Ah! few, and full of Sorrow, are the Dayes
Of Man from Woman ſprung, His life decayes,
Like that fraile flower which with the Sunnes upriſe
Her bud unfolds, and with the Evening Dies.
Hee like an emptie Shadow glides away:
And all his Life is but a Winters Day.
Wilt thou thine eye upon a vapour bend?
Or with ſo weake an oppoſite contend?
Who can a pure and Chriſtall Current bring,
From ſuch a muddy, and polluted Spring?
Oh, ſince his Dayes are numbred, ſince thou haſt
Preſcrib'd him bounds that are not to bee paſt:
A little with his puniſhment diſpence:
Till hee have ſerv'd his time, and part from hence.
A tree, though hewne with axes to the ground,
Renew's his growth, and ſprings from his green wound;
Although his roote waxe old, his fivers dry;
Although the ſapleſſe bole begin to dye;
Yet will at ſent of Water freſhly ſprout,
And like a plant thruſt his young Branches out.
But Man when once cut downe, when his pale ghoſt
Fleets into aire; he is for ever loſt.
As Meteors vaniſh, which the Seas exhale;
As Torrents in the drouth of Summer faile:
So periſht Man from Death ſhall never riſe;
But ſleepe in ſilent Shades with ſeal'd up Eyes:
While the Cæleſtiall Orbes in order roule,
And turne their flames about the ſteadfaſt Pole.
Oh that thou would'ſt conceale me in the Grave;
Immure with marble in that ſecret Cave,
Untill the Tempeſt of thy wrath were paſt!
A time prefix, and thinke of mee at laſt!
Can man recover his departed Breath?
I will expect untill my change in Death,
And anſwer at thy call: Thou wilt renew
What thou haſt ruin'd, and my feares ſubdue.

But

But now thou tell'ſt my Steps, mark'ſt when I erre;
Nor wilt the vengeance due to Sinne deferre.
Thou in a bag haſt my Tranſgreſſions ſeal'd,
And only by their Puniſhments reveal'd.
As Mountaines, toſt by Earth-quakes, down are thrown;
Rocks torne up by the roots, as hardeſt Stone
The ſoftly-falling drops of water weare,
As Inundations all before them beare,
And leave the Earth abandoned; ſo ſhall
The aſpiring hopes of Man to nothing fall.
Thy wrath prevailes againſt him every Day,
Whom with a changed Face thou ſend'ſt away;
Then knowes not if his Sonnes to honour riſe,
Or ſtruggle with their ſtrong neceſſities.
But here his waſting Fleſh with anguiſh burnes,
And his perturbed Soule within him mournes.

Job paus'd, to whom the Themanite replies: *Chap.* 15.
Can man ſuch follies utter and bee wiſe?
Which bluſter from the Tempeſt of thy minde,
As if thy breaſt enclos'd the Eaſterne winde.
Wilt thou thy idle rage by Reaſon prove?
Or ſpeak thoſe Thoughts which have no power to move?
Thou from thy rebell Heart haſt God exil'd,
Kept back thy Prayers his ſacred Truth revil'd.
Thy Lips declare thy owne impietie;
Accuſe of fraud, condemne thee, and not I.
Art thou the firſt of Mortals? wert thou made
Before the Hils their lofty Browes diſplay'd?
Hath God to thee his Oracles reſign'd?
Is wiſdome only to thy Breaſt confin'd?
What know'ſt thou that wee know not? as compleat
In Natures graces, in acquir'd, as great.
There are gray heads among us, Councellors,
To whom thy Father was a Boy in Yeares.
Slight thou the Comforts wee from God impart?
What greater Secret lurkes in thy proud heart,
That hurries thee into theſe extaſies?
What fury flames in thy diſdainfull Eyes?
Wilt thou a Warre againſt thy Maker wage?
And wound him with thy tongues blaſphemous rage?

Was

Was ever humane fleſh from blemiſh cleare ?
Can they bee guiltleſſe whome fraile woemen beare ?
Hee truſteth not his Miniſters of Light :
The radiant Stars ſhine dimnly in his Sight.
How perfect then is man ? from head to foote
Defil'd with filth, and rotten at the roote.
Who poys'ning ſinne with burning thirſt devoures :
As parched Eearth ſucks in the falling ſhowers.
What I have heard and ſeene (would'ſt thou intend
Thy cure) I would unto thy care commend ;
Which oft the wiſe have in my thoughts reviv'd :
To them from knowing Anceſtors deriv'd,
Who God-like over happy Nations reign'd,
And Vertue by ſuppreſſing Vice ſuſtein'd.
Th'Unjuſt his Dayes in painefull travell ſpends :
The Cruell ſodainely to Death deſcends.
He ſtarts at every ſound that ſtrikes his Eare,
And puniſhment anticipates by feare.
Who from the height of all his Glory ſhall,
Like newly kindled exhalations fall :
Deſpaires cold breath his ſpringing hopes confounds,
Who feeles th'expected ſword before it wounds.
He begs his bread from doore to doore, and knowes
The Night drawes on that muſt his Day incloſe.
Horror and anguiſh ſhall his ſoule affright ;
Daunt like a King that drawes his Troopes to fight :
Since hee againſt the Almighty ſtretcht his hand,
And like a rebell ſpurn'd at his Command ;
God ſhall upon his ſeven-fold target ruſh,
And his ſtiffe neck beneath his ſhoulders cruſh.
Though Luxury ſwell in his ſhining eyes,
And his fat belly load his yeelding thighs :
Though he diſmantled Citties fortifie,
From their deſerted ruines rais'd on high :
Yet his congeſted wealth ſhall melt like ſnow,
Whoſe growth ſhall never to perfection grow.
Deſtruction ſhall ſurround him ; nor ſhall hee
His ſoule from that darke night of Horror free,
God with his breath ſhall all his Branches blaſt,
And ſcorch with Lightning by his vengeance caſt.

Will

Will the deluded truſt to vanitie?
And by the ſtroake of his owne folly die?
For hee ſhall bee cut downe before his time,
His ſpreading Branches wither in their prime.
Lo, as a ſtorme which with the Sunne aſcends,
From creeping vines their un-ripe cluſters rends;
And the fat olive, ever greene with Leaves,
Together of her hopes and flowers bereaves,
So ſhall the great Revenger ruinate
Him and his iſſue, by a dreadfull rate.
Thoſe fooles who fraud with piety diſguiſe,
And by corrupting Bribes to Greatneſſe riſe;
Their Glories ſhall in deſolation mourne,
While hungry flames their lofty ſtructures burne.
With Miſchiefe they conceive; their bellies great
With ſwelling Vanity, bring forth Deceit.

Then Job: How long wilt thou thus vex mine eares! *Chap.* 16.
You all are miſerable Comforters.
Shall this vaine wind of words, ah! never end?
Why Eliphas ſhould'ſt thou aſſl & thy Friend?
Were you ſo loſt in griefe, would I thus ſpeake?
Such bruiſed hearts with harſh invectives breake?
Would I accumulate your Miſeries
With Scorne? and draw new Rivers from your Eyes?
Oh no, my language ſhould your paſſions calme,
My words ſhould drop into your wounds like balme.
But oh my frantice Sorrow finds no eaſe,
Complaints nor ſilence can their pangs appeaſe!
Thou Lord haſt my perplexed Soule depreſt;
Bereft of all the comforts ſhee poſſeſt:
My face thus furrowed with untimely age,
My pale and meagre lookes profeſſe thy rage.
Whoſe Miniſters, like cunning foes, ſurprize;
Teare with their teeth, transfix me with their eyes;
Againſt my peace combine: at once aſſaile,
With open mouthes, and impudently raile.
God hath deliver'd mee into their Jawes
Who hunt for ſpoyl, and make their ſwords their Lawes.
Long ſaild I on ſmooth Seas, by fore-winds borne,
Now bulg'd on rocks, and by his Tempeſts torne.

He by the Neck hath hal'd, in pieces cut;
And ſet me as a marke on every Butt.
Ais Archers circle me; my reines they wound,
And, ruthleſſe, ſhed my gall upon the ground.
Behold! he ruines upon ruines h aps:
And on me like a furious Giant leaps.
For thus with ſackcloth I inveſt my Woe:
And duſt upon my clouded forehead throw.
My cheeks are guttered with my fretting teares:
And on my falling Eye lids Death appeares.
Yet is my heart upright, my prayers ſincere;
My guildleſſe Life from your aſperſions cleare.
Reveale, Oh Earth, the Blood that I have ſpilt:
Nor heare me, Heaven, if I beſoil'd with guilt.
My conſcience knowes her owne Integritie:
And that all-ſeeing Power inthron'd on high.
Yet you traduce me in my Miſeries:
But I to God erect my weeping Eyes.
Woud I before him might my cauſe defend
And argue as a mortall with his friend:
Since I ere long that precip'ce muſt tread,
Whence none returne, that leads unto the Dead.

Chap. 17. My ſpirits are infected, and my Tombe
Yawnes to devour me; my laſt Dayes are come.
Yet you with bitter ſcorne my pangs increaſe:
Nor, ah! will ſuffer me to die in peace.
What Advocate will take your cauſe in hand;
And for you at the high Tribunall ſtand?
Since God your erring ſoules deprives of ſenſe;
Nor will exalt you in your own defence.
His Children ſhall their dayes in ſorrow end,
Whoſe tongue with flattery deludes his Friend.
I to the vulgar am become a Jeſt:
Eſteemed as a Minſtrell at a Feaſt.
My ſleepleſſe eyes their ſplendor quench in teares:
My tortur'd body to a ſhadow weares.
This, in the Righteous wonder ſhall excite:
The Innocent ſhall hate the Hypocrite.
He in the path preſcrib'd ſhall boldly goe:
And his untainted ſtrength ſhall ſtronger grow.

Revok

Revoke your wandring Cenſures, nor deſpiſe
The wretched: you who ſeeme, but are not wiſe.
My flying houres arrive at their laſt date;
My thoughts and fortunes buryed in my fate.
How ſoone my ſhortned Day is chang'd to Night!
Abortive Darkneſſe veiles my ſetting Light.
Oh can your councell his deſpaire deferre,
Who now is houſ'd in his Sepulchre?
I, in the ſhades of death my Bed have made.
Corruption thou my Father art, I ſaid,
And thou O Worme, my Mother; by thy Birth
My Siſter, borne, and nouriſhed by Earth.
Where now are all my hopes? oh never more
Shall they revive! nor Death her rapes reſtore!
But to the graves infernall priſon muſt
With me diſcend, and rot in ſhrouds of Duſt.

To whom thus Bildad: when wilt thou forbeare *Chap.* 8 1.
To clamor, and afford a patient eare?
Do'ſt thou as beaſts thy ancient friends deſpiſe?
Are we ſo vile and trivial in thine Eyes?
Oh miſerable Man, by thy owne rage
In pieces torne, can fury griefe aſſwage?
Will God for thee the govern'd Earth forſake?
His purpoſe change, and Rocks a ſunder ſhake?
He ſhall their light extinguiſh who decline
From Vertues paths: their ſparkes ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
The wicked ſhall be compaſſed about
With Darkneſſe; and his oyleleſſe Lamp fly-out.
His waſted ſtrength unthought-of miſchiefes ſhall
Intrap, and he by his owne counſels fall.
His deſperate feete their Lord to ruine lead:
And on prepared Engines raſhly tread.
The Hunter ſhall intangle in his Toyle,
And rav'nous theeves of all his ſubſtance ſpoyle;
Snares ſpread with tempting baits, for him ſhall lay,
and dig concealed Pit-fals in his way.
A thouſand horrors ſhall his Soule affright,
Encounter, and purſue his guilty flight.
Deſtruction ſhall upon his ſteps attend,
And famines rage into his guts deſcend;

Shee ſhall the ſinews of his ſtrength devoure,
And Death's Firſt borne ſhall crop him in his flower
Cut off his confidence; and to the King
Of Terrors, his accuſed Conſcience, bring.
Driven from the Houſe unjuſtly cal'd his owne;
By rapine got: which flaming ſulphure, throwne
From Heaven, ſhall burne: his roote within the ground
Shall wither, and the axe his branches wound.
He and his dying memory ſhall rot;
His name even by the preſent Age forgot
From light into perpetuall Darkneſſe hurl'd;
And; as a Miſchiefe, chaſt out of the World.
No Sonne, or Nephew ſhall ſupply his place:
Himſelfe the laſt of his accurſed Race.
Poſteritie, as thoſe then living ſhall
With wonder tremble at his fearefull fall.
So tragicall and merited a fate
Shall ſwallow thoſe, who God and Juſtice hate.

Chap. 19. How long ſaid Job, will you with bitter words
Thus wound my Soule? your tongues more ſharpe the
Ten times have you aſperſions on me thrown: (ſwords
Your ſelves, as Strangers, without bluſhing ſhown.
If I have ſinn'd, my Sinnes with me remaine:
And I alone the punithment ſuſtaine.
It is inhumane crueltie in you
Thus to inſult; and his reproch purſue
Whom Gods owne hand hath caſt unto the ground:
And in a Labyrinth of Sorrow wound.
Unheard are my Complaints: my cries the wind
Drives through the aire: my wrongs no Judgment fin
God, with beſieging Troopes, prevents my flight.
And folds my paths in ſhades more dark then night.
Hath ſtript me of my Glory; my Renowne
Eclips'd: and from my Temples torne my Crowne.
On every ſide deſtroy'd; trod under foot:
I a plant, am puld up by the Root.
His indignation like a furnace glowes
Who, as a foe at me his lightning throwes.
All his aſſembled Plagues at once devoure:
And round about my tents incampe their Power.

My Mothers Sonnes deſert me ; left alone
By my Familiars, by my Friends unknowns.
My kindred faile me ; theſe alone depend
On fortunes ſmiles, the wretched finds no friend.
Thoſe of my Family their Maſter ſlight,
Grown deſpicable in my hand-maids ſight.
I of my churliſh ſervants am unheard,
My ſufferings, nor Intreaties, they regard.
My Wife neglects me, though deſir'd to take
Some pitie on me, for our Childrens ſake.
By idle Boyes, and Idiots vilifi'd ;
Who mee, and my Calamities deride.
My Intimates farre from my ſight remove ;
Thoſe, whom I favor'd moſt, ungratefull prove.
My skin cleaves to my Bones ; of this remaines
No part entire, but what my teeth containes.
Oh my hard-hearted friends ! take ſome remorſe
Of him, whom God hath made a Living Corſe.
Will you with God in my afflictions joyne ?
Wil't not ſuffice that I in torments pine ?
Oh that the words I ſpeake were regiſtred
Writ in a booke, for ever to bee read !
Or that the tenor of my juſt complaint
Were ſculpt with ſteele on Rocks of Adamant !
For my Redeemer lives : I know hee ſhall
Deſcend to Earth, and man to Judgement call.
Though wormes devoure mee, though I turne to mold ;
Yet in my fleſh I ſhall his face behold.
I from my marble Monument ſhall riſe
Againe entire, and ſee him with theſe Eyes ;
Though ſterne diſeaſes now conſume my Reines,
And drinke the blood out of my ſhrivel'd veines.
T'were better ſaid, why ſhould wee perſecute
Our friend ; whoſe cauſe is ſolid at the Roote ?
Oh feare the ſword, for puniſhments ſucceed
Our Treſpaſſes ; and cruelty muſt bleed.
Thus anſwer'd the incenſt Nahamathite : *Chap. 29.*
I had been ſilent, but thy words excite
My ſtrugling thoughts to vindicate the wrong
Caſt on our zeale by thy reproachfull tongue.

This is a truth which with the world began;
Since earth was firſt inhabited by man:
Sinn's triumph in ſwift miſery concludes;
And flattering joy the Hypocrite deludes.
Although his excellence to Heaven aſpire;
Though radiant Beames his ſhining Browes attire,
He, as his dung, ſhall periſh on the ground:
Nor ſhall the impreſſion of his Steps be found;
But like a troubled Dreame ſhall take his flight:
And vaniſh as a Viſion of the Night.
No mortall Eye ſhall ſee his face againe:
Nor ſumptuous roofes their builder entertaine.
If he have Children, they ſhall ſerve the poore:
And goods by rapine got, enforc'd, reſtore.
The puniſhments of Luxury and Luſt
Shall eate his Bones; nor leave him in the Duſt.
Though vice, like ſweet confections, pleaſe his taſt.
Although betweene his tongue and pallate plac'd:
Though he preſerve, and chew it with delight;
Nor bridle his licentious appetite:
Yet ſhall it in his boyling Stomack turne
To bitter poyſon; and like wild fire burne.
He ſhall caſt up the wealth by him devour'd,
Like vomit from his yawning Entrailes powr'd:
The gall of Aſpes with thirſty lips ſuck in;
The Vipers deadly teeth ſhall pierce his skin;
Nor ever ſhall thoſe happy Rivers know,
Which with pure oyle and fragrant honey flow,
The Riches purchas'd by his Care and ſweat,
He ſhall reſigne; nor of his Labors eat,
But reſtitution to the value make,
Nor ioy in his extorted treaſure take.
Since hee the poore forſooke, the weake oppreſt,
The Manſion, by another built, poſſeſt:
His Belly never ſhall be ſatisfi'd,
Nor he with his adored wealth ſupply'd.
Of all his ſuſtenance at once bereft,
No Heire ſhall ſtrive to inherit what is left.
He, in the pride of his full Glory, ſhall
To Earth deſcend, and by the wicked fall.

About to feed; Jehova's flaming Ire
Shall blaſt his hopes, and mix his food with fire.
While from the raging ſword he vainly flies,
A Bow of Steele ſhall fix his trembling thighes.
Darts through his flowing gall ſhall force their way;
Eternall terrors ſhall his Soule diſmay.
Thick darkneſſe ſhall infold; a fire unblown
Devoure his Race, by their misfortunes known.
Heaven ſhall reveale his cloſe impieties,
And Earth, by him defil'd, againſt him riſe.
His Subſtance in that Day of wrath ſhall waſte,
Like ſodaine Torrents from ſteepe Mountaines caſt.
This is the Portion of the Hypocrite,
Such horrors ſhall on the Blaſphemer light.
The Huzite ſigh'd, and ſaid: my words attend *Chap.* 21.
Afford this only comfort to your friend.
Suffer my tongue to ſpeake my thoughts: and then
Renew your ſcoffes: doe I complaine to Men?
Since God ſuch dreadfull Armes againſt me beares:
Oh why ſhould I ſuppreſſe my ſighes and teares!
My ſufferings with aſtoniſhment ſurvay:
And on your ſilent lips your fingers lay.
For ſhould my Enemy endure the like;
The Story would my Soule with horror ſtrike.
Why live the wicked? they by vices thrive?
Saile on ſmooth Seas, and at their port arrive:
Confirme a long ſucceſſion; and behold
Their numerous off-ſpring: in exceſſe grow old.
Their Houſes on ſecure foundations ſtand:
Nor are they humbled by the Almightyes hand.
Their luſty Bulls ſerve not their Kine in vaine;
Their Calves the Breeders their full time retaine.
Abroad like flocks their little ones they ſend:
Their Children dance, in active Sports contend;
Strike the melodious Harpe, ſhrill Tembrels ring:
And to the warbling Lute ſoft Dittie ſing.
Life is to them a long-continued Feaſt:
And ſleepe is not more calme then Deaths arreſt.
To God they ſay; Enjoy thy Heaven alone:
Be thou to us, as we to thee, unknowne.

For what is he, that we ſhould him obey?
Or fruitleſſe vowes befor his Altar pay?
Yet their Felicitie from him proceeds:
Nor am I culpable of their miſdeeds.
When are their tapers quencht? doe they expire.
Struck by the Thunderer, with Darts of fire?
How oft are they like chaffe by whirle-winds toſt?
Or early Bloſſomes bitten by the Froſt?
When are their Vices puniſht in their ſeede?
VVhen for their owne offences doe they bleede?
How often tread deſtructions horrid Path?
And drinke the dregs of the Revengers wrath?
Care they for their deſerted Families;
When Deaths all curing hand ſhall cloſe their eyes?
Shall man his Maker teach, who ſits on high,
And ſwayes the worlds inferiour Monarchy?
Two Men at once behold: the one poſſeſt
Of his deſires, which peace and plenty bleſt:
From whoſe ſwolne breaſt a ſtreame of milke diſtills;
Whoſe bones high feeding with hot marrow fills:
The other, miſerable from his birth:
A burthen to himſelfe, and to the Earth.
Who never could his Hungers rage ſuffice.
That in perfection; This in Sorrow dies.
Yet Death, more equall, theſe extreames conformes,
And covers their corrupting fleſh with wormes.
I know your Councells; can your thoughts detect,
The forged Crimes your purpoſe to object.
Where are, ſay you, thoſe Palaces that blas'd
With burniſht Gold, on carved Columnes rais'd?
Built on the Ruines of the poore; the ſoile
By extortion purchas'd; and adorn'd with ſpoile?
Be judg'd by travellers; they will confute
What falſely you ſuggeſt, and ſtrike you mute.
For theſe, and thoſe, who high in Vice cammand,
Againſt the Thunders rage ſecurely ſtand,
And flouriſh in the Day of wrath, when all
About them by the ſtroake of Slaughter fall:
Who dare againſt the great in Miſchiefe plead?
Or turne his Injuries upon his head?

They

They ſhall his Corps with funerall Pompe interre:
And lodge him in a ſumptuous Sepulcher.
The Flowers which in the cirkling valley grow,
Shall on his Monument their odors throw.
All that ſurvive ſhall follow him, and tread
That common path, b'innumerable led.
Why vainely then pretend you my reliefe?
And with falſe comforts aggravate my griefe?
Can Man his Maker benefit (replide
The THEMANITE) as he by wiſdomes guide. *Chap.* 22.
May his owne joyes advance? can hee delight
From him receive, becauſe his heart's upright?
Availes it him that thou from vice art cleare?
Makes he thee guilty? or condemnes for feare?
No Job, thy Sinnes theſe puniſhments beget:
Thy Sinnes which are as infinite as great.
Thou of their garments oft haſt ſtript the poore;
Thy Brothers pledge refuſing to reſtore:
No water would'ſt unto the thirſty give;
Nor with thy bread the Hungry Soule relieve:
While mighty men, and thoſe who more poſſeſt
Then ſerv'd for Ryot, ſurfeit at thy feaſt.
Sad widowes, by thee rifled, weepe in vaine:
And ruin'd Orphants of thy Rapes complaine.
For this unthought of ſnares begirt thee round;
And ſodaine feares thy troubled Soule confound:
Darke clouds before thine Eyes their Vapors ſpread;
And thronging Billowes roule above thy head.
Perhaps theſe fumes from thy diſtemper riſe:
Sits not Jehova on the arched Skies?
Behold the Stars, which underneath diſplay
Their ſparkling fires; how farre remov'd are they?
What can hee at ſo great a diſtance know?
Can hee from thence behold our deeds below?
Thick interpoſing Miſts his eye-ſight bound:
Who free from trouble treads th'Etheriall Round.
Haſt thou obſerv'd thoſe crooked paths, wherein
They blindly wander who are ſlaves to Sin?
Snatcht from their hopes by an untimely end:
Caſt downe like Torrents, never to aſcend.

Who

Who ſaid to God; us to to our fortues leave:
From thee what benefit doe wee receive?
Yet hee their Houſes with aboundance ſtor'd.
With Showers of Gold; the God their ſoules ador'd.
Oh how my Soule their wicked Councell hates!
The Righteous ſhall behold their tragick fates,
Joy at their early-Ruine; then deride
Their flattered Glory, and now-humbled Pride.
But we, and ours, ſhall flouriſh in his Grace,
When ſearching Flames devoure their curſed Race:
Conſult with God, thy troubled minde compoſe;
So hee ſhall give a period to thy woes.
Receive the Lawes his ſacred Lips impart,
And lodge them in the cloſet of thy heart.
If thou returne, hee will thy fall erect;
Nor ſhall contagious Sinne thy Roote infect.
Then ſhalt thou gather ſhining heaps of Gold,
As pebles which the purling Streames infold;
Trod under foot like duſt. Thy God ſhall bee
A ſilver Shield, a Tower of Gold to thee.
For thou on him ſhalt thy affections place;
And humbly to his Throne exalt thy face.
Thou at his Alter ſhalt devoutly pray:
He ſhall conſent and thou thy vowes ſhalt pay.
Hee ſhall thy wiſhes to fruition raiſe:
And ſhed celeſtiall Beames upon thy Wayes.
When Men are from their Noone of Glory throwne,
And under Sinne and Sorrowes burthen grone;
Then ſhalt thou ſay, Th'Almighty from the grave
Hath me redeem'd; He will the humble ſave.
Thoſe guilty Soules who languiſh in Diſpaire,
God ſhall reſtore, and ſtrengthen at thy Prayer.

Chap. 23. Then Job: though my complaints obſerve no bounds;
Yet Oh, how farre leſſe bitter then my wounds!
Would his divine Receſſe to me were knowne,
That I at length might plead before his Throne.
I would ſuch waighty arguments inforce,
As ſhould convert his Fury to Remorſe.
Then ſhould my longing Soule his anſwer heare,
Would be object his power? or daunt with feare?

Oh

Oh no, his goodneſſe rather would impart
New vigor, and repaire my broken Heart.
He would the Plea of Innocence admit,
And me for ever by his Sentence quit.
But is not to be found; though I ſhould runne
To thoſe diſcloſing Portals of the Sunne,
And walke his way, untill his horſes ſteepe
Their fiery fetlocks in the Iberian Deepe;
Or ſhould I to the oppoſed Poles repaire,
Where equall cold congeales the fixed aire;
And yet his ſearching Eyes my paths behold
When hee hath try'd me I ſhall ſhine like gold:
For in his tract my wary feet have ſtept,
His undeclined wayes preciſely kept:
Nor ever, have revolted from his Lawes;
To mee more ſweet then food to hungry Jawes.
But hee is ſtill the ſame; (oh, who can ſhun,
Or change his fate!) what hee decrees is done.
This truth behold in me; his Miſteries
Are ſacred, and conceal'd from Mortall Eyes.
I therefore tremble at his dreadfull ſight;
Diſtracted thoughts my troubled Soule affright.
For oh, his terror melts my heart to teares;
Diſſolves my braine, and harrowes mee with feares.
Who neither would by Death prevent my woes,
Nor eaſe my Soule in theſe her bitter Throwes.
Why are the puniſhments by God decreed
To wicked men, and their rebellious Seed, *Chap.* 24.
Since times to come are preſent in his ſight,
Conceal'd from thoſe who in his Lawes delight?
Some ſlily markes remove from bordering Lands,
Feed on the Flocks they purchaſe with ſtrange hands:
The Orphants only Aſſe they drive away,
And make the Widdowes morgag'd Oxe their prey;
Who force the frighted poore to turne aſide,
Whom milder Rocks in their darke Cavernes hide.
Like Aſſes in the Deſert, they their Toile
With day renew, and riſe betimes for Spoile.
The barren Wilderneſſe preſents them foode.
To feede themſelves, and their adulterate broode.

Their

Their Sicklers reape the Corne, another ſowes:
They drink the Blood which from ſtoln clufters flowes.
The poore, by them diſrobed, naked Lie:
Veild with no other covering but the skie.
Expos'd to ſtiffning froſts, and drenching ſhowers,
Which thickned Aire from her black boſome powers:
To Torrents which from cloudy Mountaines ſpring,
And to the hanging Cliffs for ſhelter cling.
They from their mothers Breaſts poore Orphants rend,
Nor without gages to the needy lend.
For want of clothes they force them ſtarve with cold,
From hungry Reapers they their ſheaves withhold.
Thoſe faint for thirſt who in their vintage toyle,
And from the juicie Olive preſſe pure oyle.
Oppreſſed Cities grone, the wounded cry
To Heaven for Vengeance: yet in peace they die.
Others, that truth oppoſe; diſpiſe the way
Of her preſcriptions, and in Darkeneſſe ſtray:
Sterne Murtherers, that riſe before the light
To kill the Innocent, and rob at night:
Uncleane Adulterers, whoſe longing Eyes
Waite for the twy-light, enter in diſguiſe,
And ſay, who ſee's us? Theeves who daily marke
Thoſe Houſes which they plunder in the Darke:
Theſe Strangers are to light, the morning Rayes
By them are hated as their laſt of Dayes:
The Agonies of Death are on them, when
They are but knowne, or ſpoken of by men:
And yet they periſh by Jehova's Curſe;
And faile like roaring floods that have no Sourſe.
Unlike the generous Vine, which cut, abounds
With budding Jems, and proſpers in her wounds.
As ſcorching heat the mountaine ſnow devoures;
As thirſty Earth, drinks up the falling Showers:
Even ſo the Graves inſatiable Jawes
Thoſe Rebels ſwallow, who infringe his Lawes.
The Wombs that bare, their Burthens ſhall forget:
And greedy wormes their fleſh with pleaſure eat.
No tongue or Pen ſhall mention their Renowne,
But lye like trees by ſodaine Stormes caſt downe.

The

The barren they more miſerable make:
And from the Widow all her Comfort take.
The mighty fall in their ſeditious ſtriſe:
When once they riſe, who can ſecure his life?
Though they be reſolute and confident:
Yet are Jehovah's eyes upon them bent.
But oh, how ſhort their glory! rais'd to fall:
Loſt in the aſhes of their funerall.
For they as others die: like eares of Corne
By ligh ning blaſted, or with ſickles ſhorne.
Who doubts theſe contraries? who will diſpute
Againſt me, and my Inſtances confute?

SHUETIAN BILDAD made this ſhort reply: *Chap.25.*
Dominion, and awefull Majeſtie,
To him belong, who crown'd with ſacred Rayes.
The Hoſt of Heaven in perfect concord ſwayes,
Who can his Armies number? infinite,
And full of Fate! on whome ſhines not his light?
Can Mortalls righteous in his Eyes appeare?
Can they bee ſpotleſſe whom fraile women beare?
To him the radiant Sunne is but obſcure;
The Moone ſtill in Eclipſe; the Starres impure.
What then is Man, pollured in his Birth,
An uncleane worme that crawles upon the Earth?

All tongues, ſaid Job, of thy perfections ſpeake; *Chap. 26*
Thou hee that renders vigor to the weake:
Thy ſtrength the feeble Arme with Nerves ſupplies;
Thou by thy Counſell makes the fooliſh wiſe:
No ſecret from thy Knowledge is conceal'd;
Cæleſtial Oracles by thee reveal'd.
To whom art thou ſo prodigall of breath?
Or by what vertue do'ſt thou raiſe from Death?
Gods Workes, Oh Bildad, wee admire no leſſe:
His prudence in their Government confeſſe,
Dead things within the Deepe were form'd by him;
And all that in the curled Ocean ſwim.
The ſilent vaults of Death, unknowne to Light;
And Hell it ſelfe, lye naked to his ſight.
Hee faſhion'd thoſe Harmonious Orbs, that roule
In reſtleſſe Gyres about the Artick Pole.

The

The maſſie Earth, ſupported by his Care,
On nothing hangs in ſoft and fluent Aire.
Hee in thick Clouds the pendant water binds;
Not thaw'd with heat, nor torne with ſtrugling winds:
Before his radiant Throne like Curtaines ſpread;
Yet at his becke in ſhowres their ſubſtance ſhed.
With conſtant bounds the raging floods confines,
Till Day his Throne to endleſſe Night reſignes.
Heavens Columns, when his Storms and Thunder rake
The troubled Aire, with ſodaine Horror ſhake.
Lo, at his breath the ſwelling waves divide:
His awfull Scepter calmes their vanquiſh't pride.
Whoſe hand the adorned Firmament diſplai'd,
Thoſe Serpentine yet conſtant motions made.
Theſe but in part his power and wiſdome ſhow:
For Oh how little doe wee Mortals know!
Although his Fame reſound through all the world;
Like Thunder from aeriall vapours hurl'd.

Chap. 27. They ſilenc't, Job proceeds in his Defence:
As the Lord Lives, who knowes my Innocence,
Yet will not Judge: but with my Soule depriv'd
Of all her Joyes; to Miſery long-liv'd:
While theſe my vitall Spirits ſhall receive
The foode of Aire, and through my Noſtrills breath;
No falſehood ſhall defile my Lips with Lies:
Or with a vaile the face of Truth diſguiſe.
Nor will I wound my cleare Integritie,
By yeilding to your wrongs, but rather die.
Shall I my ſelfe betray, my Strength refuſe,
Deſert my Juſtice, and my truth accuſe?
Firſt may I ſinke by Torments yet unknowne,
That thoſe which now I ſuffer may ſeeme none.
Let ſuch as hate me in their Sinnes rejoyce,
And ſurfeit with the pleaſant Baites of Vice:
What hope hath the prevailing Hypocrite,
When God ſhall chaſe his Soule to endleſſe Night?
Will God relieve him in his Agonies?
Or from the Depth of Sorrow heare his Cries?
Will hee in God delight, his aid implore
Inceſſantly, and his great Name adore?

Oh

Oh be inſtructed by theſe Characters
Of his impreſſion, which my Body beares!
His more ſecret Judgements will diſcloſe;
Wich you have ſeene, yet deſperately oppoſe.
This is the Portion which the wicked hath,
Hee ſhall inherit the Almighties wrath:
The lawleſſe Sword his Childrens blood ſhall ſhed,
Increaſt for ſlaughter, borne to begge their bread.
Death ſhall the Remnant in his Dungeon keepe;
No Widdow at his funerall ſhall weepe.
Although he gather Gold like heaps of Duſt,
The fuell of his Luxury and Luſt;
His Cabinets with change of Garments fraught
By ſilke-wormes ſpun, and Phrygian Needles wrought:
Yet for the Juſt reſerv'd, who ſhall divide
His Treaſure and diveſt him of his pride.
Though hee his Houſe of poliſh't Marble build,
With Jaſper floor'd, and carved Cedar ſeil'd;
Yet ſhall it ruine like the Moth's fraile cell,
Or ſheds of Reedes, which ſummers heat repell.
He ſhall lye downe, neglected, as unknowne;
And when hee wakes, ſee nothing of his owne.
Terrors, like ſwallowing Deluges, ſhall fright:
Swept from his Bed by Tempeſt in the Night?
Like ſcatter'd Downe by howling Eurus blowne,
By rapid Hurl winds from his Manſion throwne.
God ſhall transfix him with his winged Dart:
Though hee avoyd him like the flying Hart;
Men ſhall purſue with merited diſgrace,
Hiſſe, clap their hands, and from his Country chaſe.
There are rich Veines of Gold, and ſilver Mines, *Chap.* 28.
Whoſe Ore the fire in crucibles refines.
So dig'd up Iron is in the furnace blowne,
And braſſe extracted from the melting Stone.
Men through the wounded Earth infoce their way,
And ſhew the under ſhades an unknowne Day;
While from her bowels they her Treaſures teare,
And to their avarice ſubject their feare.
There they with ſubterranean Waters meet,
And Currents never touch't by humane feet:

Theſe,

Theſe, by their bold endeavours are made dry,
And from the Induſtry of Mortalls flye.
The Earth with yellow eates her browes attires;
Although her Jawes exhale imboſom'd fires.
Torne Rocks the ſparkling Diamond unfold,
The bluſhing Ruby, and pure graines of Gold.
Thoſe gloomy vaults no wandring foule deſcries:
Nor are they pierced by the Vultures eyes.
Swift Tygres, which in pathleſſe Deſerts ſtray,
Nor ſolitary Lyons tread that way.
Their reſtleſſe Labours cleave the living Stone:
Cloud-touching Mountaines by their Roots o'erturown.
New ſtreames through wandring Rocks their tract pur-
While they the Magazines of Nature view: (ſue;
Who ſwelling Floods with narrow bounds incloſe,
And what in Darkneſſe lurkt; to light expoſe.
But where above the Earth, or under ground,
Can Wiſdome by the ſearch of man be found?
Her worth his eſtimation farre excels:
Conceal'd from ſence, nor with the living dwels,
The Seas reply; ſhee lies not in our Deeps:
Nor in our floods her radiant treſſes ſteeps.
Nor are her rare endowments to be ſold
For ſilver Hills, or Rivers pav'd with gold.
Nor for the glittering ſand by Ophir ſhowne;
The blew-ey'd Saphir, or rich Onix ſtone:
For Rocks of Chriſtall from the Ocean brought:
Nor Jewels by the rareſt workeman wrought.
Can blazing Carbuncles with her compare?
Or groves of Corrall hardned by the Aire?
The Tophas ſent from ſcorched Meroe?
Or Pearles preſented by the Indian Sea?
Whence comes ſhee? from what undiſcover'd Land?
Or where doth her concealed palace ſtand?
Since O, inviſible to mortall Eye:
Or winged Travellers that trace the skie.
Death and Deſtruction ſay; her fame alone
Hath reach'd our Eares; but to our Eyes unknowne.
God onely underſtands her ſacred wayes:
The Temple knowes where ſhee her Light diſplayes.

For he at once the Orbe of Earth beholds,
And all that Heav'ns blew Canopie infolds:
To meaſure out the ſtrugling VVinds by weight,
That elſe the world would teare in their debate;
And bridle the wild Floods, leſt they their bound
Againe ſhould paſſe, and all the Earth ſurround.
VVhen he in Clouds the dropping waters hung,
And through their roaring jawes his Lightning flung,
Then he beheld her face, her light diſplaid,
Prepar'd her paths, and thus to Mortals ſaid:
The feare of God is wiſedome; and to flie
From Evill, is of vertues the moſt high.
Job paus'd; forthwith theſe words his ſigh's purſue: *Chap.* 29.
Oh that thoſe happy Dayes would now renew?
VVhen God beneath his ſhield my ſafety plac'd!
VVhen his cleare lamp a ſacred Splendor caſt
About my Browes? by whoſe directing light
I trod ſecurely through the Shades of Night;
That now I had in youth poſſeſt,
VVhen he my Manſion with his preſence bleſt!
VVhen thoſe who from my veines deriv'd their blood,
Like ſpringing Lawrels round about me ſtood!
VVhen Butter waſht my Steps, when Streames of oyle
Guſht from the Rocks, and Plenty free from toyle!
VVhen through the gazing Streets I paſt in State
To my Tribunall, in the Cities Gate!
The bluſhing Youth their vertuous awe diſcloſe,
And from their Seats the reverend Elders roſe.
Attentive Princes ſuch a ſilence kept,
As if their Soules had in their Bodies ſlept,
Th'aſtoniſh't Nobles ſtood like men that were
Depriv'd of all their Senees but the eare.
All eares that heard, my equall Juſtice prais'd:
All eyes that ſaw, their Lids with wonder rais'd.
I from the Oppreſſors did the poore defend;
The Fatherleſſe, and ſuch as had no friend.
Thoſe ſav'd, whom wicked Pow'r ſought to deſtroy;
And made the widowes heart to ſpring with Joy.
I put on Truth: ſhee cloth'd me with renowne;
My Juſtice was to me a precious Crowne.

Eyes lent I to the blind, feete to the lame,
A Father to the comfortleſſe became.
I ſearch't what from my knowledge was conceal'd,
And clouded Truth by her own light reveal'd.
Oft with my Scepter brake the Lions Jawes,
And ſnatcht the prey out of his armed pawes.
Then ſaid, my dayes ſhall as the ſand increaſe,
And I, in my own neſt, ſhall dy in peace.
My Roote was by the living water ſpread,
And Night her dew upon my branches ſhed.
My Glories Creſcent to a Circle grew,
And I my Bow with doubled vigour drew.
When I but ſpake, they hung upon my looke,
And as an Oracle my counſell tooke.
None ſpake but I, each his own Judgement feares,
My words, like ſtony drop't into their eares;
Which readily with joy they entertaine,
As yawning Earth devoures the latter Raine.
Although I ſmil'd, none would my thoughts ſuſpect,
Nor on my myrth a frowning looke reflect:
But trod the path which I, their Chiefe propos'd.
I, King-like, ſat; with armed troopes inclos'd,
Gave timely Comforts to the Soule that mourn'd,
Rais'd from the Duſt, and teares to Laughter turn'd.

Chap. 30. Oh bitter change! now Boyes my groanes deride,
The wretched object of their ſcorne and pride?
Whoſe Fathers I unworthy held to keepe,
With leſſe contemned Dogs, my Flocks of ſheepe.
How could their youth to my advantage turne?
Or elder age, with weakning vices worne?
Who, pale with famine, to the Deſert fled,
On roots of Juniper and Mallowes fed;
Whom men from their ſociety exclude;
Deteſted, and like theeves with cries purſu'd;
Conceal'd in hollow Rocks, in gloomy Caves,
And Cliffs deep vaulted by the fretting waves:
Among the Buſhes they like Aſſes braide,
And in the Brakes their Conventicles made.
The Sonnes of Idiots, of ignoble Birth;
Contaminate, and vile; then the Earth.

Yet now am I obnoxious to their wrongs;
A by-word, and the Subject of their ſongs.
Who exerciſe their tongues in my diſgrace,
Abhorre my paths, and ſpit upon my face.
They, ever ſince the inrag'd omnipotent
Diſſolv'd my Sinews, and my Bow un-bent;
Like head-ſtrong horſes, twixt their teeth have tane
The maſter'd Bridle, and contemn'd the reyne.
Lo, Boyes againſt me riſe, and ſtrow my way
With Snares, then watch the cruell traps they lay;
Who now my paths pervert, their hate extend
To multiply his woes, that hath no friend.
As Seas againſt the Shores ſtrong Rampiers ſtretch
Their battering waves, and force a dreadfull breach:
With equall fury they upon me roule,
Even to the deſolation of my ſoule.
Beſieging Terrors ſtorme like roare aloud,
Purſue, and chaſe mee like an empty Cloud.
O how my Soule is pour'd upon the ground!
Full grown-Affliction hath a Subject found.
Torments by Night my waſted marrow boyl;
My Pulſes labor with unequall toyle.
My ſoares pollute my garments; Plagues infeſt
My poyſoned skin, and like a Coat inveſt.
O I am Duſt and Aſhes! Lord, thou haſt
Downe in the dure the broaken-hearted caſt.
Thy eares the incenſe of my prayers reject,
No teares nor vowes can alter thy neglect.
Ah! haſt thou loſt thy mercy? Wilt thou fight
Againſt a worme, and in his groanes delight?
Thou ſetſt me on the winds, with every blaſt
Toſt too and fro, while I to nothing waſt.
I ſee my Death approach: I to the womb
Of earth am call'd, of all the generall Tomb.
Thou never wilt the Dead to Life reſtore,
Though here in ſorrow they thy grace implore.
How oft have I, for thoſe that ſuffer'd, wept;
Afflicted for the poore, when others ſlept!
Yet when I look't for Joy, for cheerefull light
Then griefe fell on, and ſhades more black than night.

My tortur'd bowels found no hower of reſt,
By troopes of ſodaine miſeries oppreſt.
Unknown to Day, I mourn'd, my clamors tare
The Eares ſoft Labyrinth, and cleft the Aire,
The hiſſing Dragon, and the ſcreetching Owle,
Became Companions to my penſive Soule.
My fleſh is cover'd with a vaile of jet,
And all my bones conſume with burning heat.
My Harp her mournfull Straines in ſorrow ſteep's.
My Organ ſighs ſad aires, as one that weepes.

Chap. 31. I with my Eyes a Cov'nant made, that they
Should not my Soule, nor ſhee their lights betray
To the deceit of ſin; why then ſhould I
Behold a Virgin with a burning eye?
What Judgements are reſerv'd, what Vengeance due
To thoſe, who their intemperate Luſts purſue?
Deſtruction and eternall Ruine ſhall
From Heav'n, like Lightning on the wicked fall.
Do not his ſearching Eyes my waies behold?
Are not my ſteps by him obſerv'd and told?
If tempting ſin could ever yet entice
My feet to wander in the queſt of Vice;
Let that great Arbiter of Wrong and Right:
Weigh in his Scales, and caſt me if too light.
If I from vertues path have ſtept awry,
Or let my heart be govern'd by mine eye:
If I, Oh Juſtice, have thy Rites profan'd;
If bribes or guiltleſſe blood my hands have ſtain'd:
Then let another reape what I have ſowne,
Nor let my Race be to the Living known.
If ever woman could to ſin alure,
If I have waighted at my Neighbours doore:
Let my laſcivious wife with others grin'd,
And by her luſt repay my guilt in kind.
This were a hainous crime, ſo foule a fact,
As would due vengeance from the Judge exact:
A waſting fire, which violently burnes,
And all to povertie and ruine turnes.
If I by Power my Servants ſhould oppreſſe,
Nor would their crying grievances redreſſe:

What

What ſhould I doe, or ſay, when God ſhall come
To judge the world, that might divert his Doome ?
Both made he in the wombe, of equall worth :
Though to unequall Deſtiny brough forth.
If from the poore I did their hopes detaine ;
Or made the widowes Eyes expect in vaine :
If I alone have at my Table fed ;
Or from the fatherleſſe withheld my bread :
Nor foſterd from my youth, their wants ſupplide ;
To him a father, and to her a guide ;
If I have ſeen the naked ſtarve for cold ;
While Avarice my Charitie controld :
If their cloth'd Loines have not my bounty bleſt ;
Warme with the fleeces which my flocks diveſt :
If I my armes have rais'd to cruſh the weake ;
The Judge prepar'd, the witneſſe taught to ſpeake :
Be all their ligaments at once unbound ;
And their disjoynted bones to powder grownd.
Divine Revenge my Soule from ſinne deterr'd
For I the anger of th'Almighty fear'd.
I never Idolized Gold embrac'd :
Nor ſaid ; In thee my Confidence is plac'd.
Nor on deceitfull Riches fixt my heart ;
Together ſcrap'd by no omitted Art.
If when I ſaw the early Sune aſcend,
Or the new Moone her ſilver hornes extend ;
I bowing kiſt my hand, thoſe Lights ador'd
As Deities, and their reliefe implor'd.
The Sinne had beene flagitious, and had cry'd
To him for vengeance whom my Deed's defi'd.
Have I with joy beheld my ruin'd foe ?
Have I exulted in his overthrow ?
Or in the tempeſt of my paſſion burſt
Into offences, and his Iſſue curſt ?
Though my Domeſticks ſaid ; oh let us teare
His hated fleſh, nor after death forbeare.
Who made the Stones their bed, or ſigh'd for food,
If knowne my houſe to ſtrangers open ſtood.
Suppoſe I were corrupt, and foule within :
Yet to what end ſhould I diſguiſe my Sinne ?

Neede I ſo much contempt or cenſure dread,
As not to ſpeake my thoughts, or hide my head?
Where ſhall I meete with an indifferent Eare?
Oh that the Soveraigne Judge my Cauſe would heare,
Peruſe the Adverſaries evidence,
Try, and determine, my ſuppos'd offence!
I, on me ſhoulders their complaints would beare,
And as a Diadem their Slanders weare.
More like a Prince then a Delinquent, would
Approach his preſence, and my life unfold.
If the uſurped Fields againſt me cry,
Their raviſht Furrowes weepe: if ever I
Have forced from them their unpaid for Graine;
Their Husbandmen, and ancient Owners ſlaine:
For wheat, let thiſtles from their clods aſcend;
For barley, cockle, Jobs complaints here end.

Chap. 32. Nor would his Friends proceed in their replyes;
Since he appear'd ſo pure in his owne Eyes.
When Elihu Barachels ſonne, who drew
His Birth from Aram, much incenſed grew:
Not only againſt Job, that durſt defend
His Innocency, and with God contend:
But with his three auſtere Companions; ſince
They would condemne before they could convince.
When he perceiv'd the reſt no anſwer made,
But like dumb Statues ſate? the Buzite ſaid:
Till now I durſt not venture to unfold
My labouring thought, to you that are ſo old.
For gray Experience is with wiſedome fraught;
And ſacred knowledge by the aged taught.
Yet oh, how darke is mans preſuming ſence,
Not lightned with cæleſtiall Influence!
The great in Honor are not alwayes wiſe;
Nor Judgement under ſilver Treſſes lies.
Since ſo; at length vouchſafe to heare a youth
And his opinion, in the ſearch of Truth.
For I your words have weigh'd your reaſons heard;
The Inſtances by each of you inferr'd;
And yet in all the heate of your diſpute,
Not one could anſwer Job; much leſſe confute.

Knot

Know therefore, leaſt too raſhly you conclude,
It is not Man, but God that hath ſubdu'd.
Againſt me Job did not his ſpeech direct:
No more will I your Arguments object.
You all were at his Confidence amaz'd;
And ſilently upon each other gaz'd:
When I your anſwers had expected long,
Nor could diſcerne the motion of a tongue;
I ſaid; behold I now will act my part,
And utter the Conceptions of my heart.
My Soule is rapt with fury; and my breſt
Containes a flame, that will not be ſuppreſt.
My Bowels boyle like wine that hath no vent
Ready to breake the ſwelling Continent.
Words therefore muſt my toiling thoughts relieve;
And to reſtrained Truth inlargement give.
No perſonall Reſpects my thoughts ſhall move,
Nor will I Man with flattering titles ſmooth.
Should I ſo proſtitute my ſervile Breath,
My Maker ſoone would cut me off by Death.
And now, O Job, what I ſhall utter here, *Chap.* 33.
As I my lips, ſo open thou thine eare.
I ſacred knowledge clearly will impart.
Drawne from the fountaine of a ſingle heart.
God made us both, with breath of Life inſpir'd,
In ſhrouds of fraile mortalitie attir'd:
Then ſince we ſhall with equall Armes contend,
Ariſe, and if thou canſt, thy cauſe defend.
Behold, according to thy wiſh I ſtand
In ſteed of God, though made of ſlime and Sand.
I will not with ſtearne Menaces affright:
Nor ſhall my hand on thee like Thunder-light.
For I with griefe, O Job, have heard thee vaunt;
And breake into this paſſionate Complaint:
My Heart is uncorrupt, my Innocence
Without a Staine, my life free from offence:
Yet he occaſion ſeeks to overthrow,
And trample on me as his mortall foe,
Who, leaſt I ſhould eſcape, in fetters bindes;
Obſerves my ſteps, and makes the faults he findes.

How raſh is thy bold charge? God is compleat
In his owne Eſſence, much than man more great:
And yet dar'ſt thou contend? his patience grieve?
Will He a reaſon for his Actions give?
Oft he to Mortals ſpeaks: yet will nos they
The Counſell of his Oracles obey.
Sometimes by Dreames in ſilence of the Night;
Sometimes by Viſions he informes their ſight:
When ſleepe his Poppy on their Temples ſheds;
Or they lye muſing on their reſtleſſe beds,
The cauſe of their afflictions then reveales,
And on their Hearts his reprehenſion ſeales:
That he may man prevent, his pride repell,
Save from the ſword, and greedy jawes of Hell.
For this, diſeaſed on his bed he groanes;
While unrelenting Torments gnaw his bones:
The ſight of Food his emptie ſtomack fils;
And Dainties to his taſte are lothſome Pils:
By waſting Hecticks of his fleſh bereft,
Bones late unſeene, alone apparant left:
His Soule ſits mourning at the gates of Death;
While anguiſh ſtrives to ſuffocate his breath.
But if a Prophet, or Interpreter,
One of a thouſand, with the ſicke conferre:
Before his eyes, his ugly ſinnes detect,
And to a better life his Steps direct;
Then Mercy thus will cry, Releaſe the bound
From Sinne and Hell: I have a Ranſome found.
Then ſhall his bones the fleſh of Babes indue;
His youth and beauty like the ſpring renew.
He ſhall his God implore; his glorious Face
With joy behold, and flouriſh in his grace.
For God will his Integritie regard,
His vertue with a Bounteous hand reward.
His Eyes the ſecrets of all hearts ſurvay.
When the contrite and bleeding Soule ſhall ſay,
How have I Juſtice forc'd the poore undone!
Sin heapt on Sinne! to my owne Ruine run!
Then God ſhall raiſe him from the ſhades of Night;
And he ſhall live to ſee th'etheriall Light.

Thus

Thus oft to man that Power which wounds and heales,
The way to Joy by Miſery Reveales;
That hee may longer with the living dwell,
Snatcht from th'extended jawes of Death and Hell.
O thou of men moſt wretched! heare me ſpeake;
Nor in thy frantick paſſion ſilence breake.
If thou thy ſelfe canſt cleare, at large reply,
For I thy life would gladly juſtify.
If not, my words with wiſdome ſhall informe
Thy erring Soule, and mitigate this Storme.
Then Elihu his ſpeech directs to thoſe *Chap.* 34.
Who in a Ring the Diſputants incloſe.
You that are wiſe, ſaid he, my Doctrine heare:
You who have knowing Soules, afford an Eare.
For ſence is by that Organ underſtood;
Even as the taſte diſtinguiſheth of Food.
By Equitie let us our Judgements guide;
And this long controverted Cauſe decide.
Jod cries, I guiltleſſe fall, to God appeale:
Yet will not hee that clouded truth reveale.
Shall I with lyes betray my Innocence?
My wound is mortall: O, for what offence!
Who of himſelfe but hee ſo vainely thinks?
Who contumacy like cold water drinks?
Hee is in ſhackles by the wicked led,
And walkes the way which his Aſſociates tread.
What bootes it man (ſayes he) to take delight
In God! and live as alwayes in his ſight!
O heare me, you who high in knowledge ſit:
Is it with God that hee ſhould Sinne commit?
No, each according to his Merit ſhall
Receive his hire; to Juſtice ſtand, or fall,
O can compaſſion in Deſtruction joy?
Or will the righteous Judge the juſt deſtroy?
Shall hee the world by mans direction ſway;
Whom Heaven and Powers Angelicall obey?
In his diſpoſure in the Orbe of Earth,
The Throne of Kings, and all of humane Birth.
O, if hee ſhould the heart of man ſurvay,
Reduce, and take the breath hee gave, away:

All

All Living in a moment would expire,
And ſwiftly to their former duſt retire.
Then Job, if thou haſt reaſon, if a mind
Not partiall; let my words acceptance finde.
Shall he who Juſtice hates, rule by his luſt?
Or wil't thou him condemne who is moſt juſt?
Shall Subjects taxe their Kings? their Princes blame?
And with detractions poys'nous breath defame?
Much leſſe upbraid his juſt Dominion,
To whom both Lords and vaſſals are all one.
Who Rich and Poore alike regards, ſince they
By him were form'd from the ſame lump of clay.
Pale Death ſhall in an inſtant quench their light,
Whole Nations raviſh, in the dead of Night,
Sweepe from the Earth, the mighty in Command
Shall from their Thrones be ſnatcht without a hand.
Hee all beholds with eyes that never cloſe;
Obſerves their Steps, and their Intentions knowes.
No muffling Clouds, nor Shades Infernall, can
From his inquiry hide offending Man.
Nor ſhall the puniſhment, which guilt purſues,
Exceede the Crime, leſt hee ſhould God accuſe.
Hee ſhall for ſinnes unknowne the mighty breake,
And to their empty thrones advance the weake;
The Miſteries of Night reveale to Day,
And in their falls their ſecret faults diſplay.
Nor his exemplary revenge deferre,
Preſented on the Worlds great Theatre;
Since they revolt from God, with open jawes
Blaſpheme his Juſtice, and deſpiſe his Lawes.
So that the cries of their oppreſſions rend
The ſuffering Aire, and to his eares aſcend.
Who can diſturbe the peace which hee beſtowes?
What tumult waken their ſecure repoſe?
What Nation, or what one of Mortall Race,
Shall God behold, if hee withdraw his Face?
That hypocrites no more may tyrannize;
Nor in their ſnares the credulous ſurprize.
Say thou, I will not with my God contend,
But beare his Chaſtiſements, nor more offend.

My Ignorance informe, if I have lent
An Eare to vice leaſt I my Sinnes augment.
Will hee with thy Arbitrement comply ?
Whither thou ſhoul'd conſent, or ſhould'ſt deny,
His cenſure is the ſame. Shall I tranſgreſſe
In not reproving ? what thou know'ſt profeſſe.
And you my Auditors, by God indu'd
With ſacred wiſdome, will I hope conclude,
That Job on Juſtice hath aſperſions flung,
And ſpoken indiſcreetly with his tongue.
O Father give his Miſeries no end,
While hee ſhall his impietie defend.
They to their Sinnes rebellion adde, who jeſt
At their Inſtructors, and with God conteſt.
Theſe Arguments thus urg'd, the zealous youth *Chap.* 35.
Proceedes, and aid : Art thou inform'd by truth,
That dar'ſt preferre thine owne integritie ;
As if more juſt then hee who ſits on high ?
And ſay; O I am Innocent in vaine ;
Have to no end preſerv'd my life from ſtaine.
Now give me leave to anſwer thee, and thoſe,
Who Gods all-guiding Providence oppoſe.
O Job from Heaven to Earth erect thine eyes ;
Behold the vaſt extenſion of the Skies ;
The ſayling Clouds by Exhalations fed ;
How farre are theſe advane'd above thy head ?
Can thy accumulated vices reach
Yet higher ? and his Happineſſe impeach ?
What can thy Righteouſneſſe to him bequeath ?
Can God a benefit from Man receive ?
Although thy Sinne a Mortall may deſtroy,
Thy Juſtice ſuccour and confirme his Joy.
Thoſe whome too-powerfull Inſolence oppreſſe ;
Weepe-out their eyes, and howle in their diſtreſſe :
None cry, where is my God ! who all our wrongs
Will vindicate, and turne our ſighs to Songs :
Enobles with an Intellectuall Soule ;
More rationall then beaſt, more wiſe then fowle.
None ſhall the others ſufferings regard :
The cares of Pittie by their vices barr'd.

For

For God will not relieve th'unpenitent,
Nor to the prayer's of wicked Soules conſent:
Much leſſe to his, who ſayes; I never more
Shall ſee his face, nor he my Joyes reſtore.
Let no ſuch deſperate thoughts thy ſoule infect;
But calmely ſuffer, and his grace expect.
In both to blame: Though thou his wrath incenſe;
Thy puniſhment is leſſe then thy offence.
Judge you how indiſcreetly Job complaines,
And by extolling his owne Juſtice ſtaines.

Chap. 36. A little longer ſuffer me, while I
Proceede in this Divine Apology;
And from a farre remov'd Originall
His Judgements vindicate, who made us all.
No Fucus, nor vaine ſupplement of Art;
Shall falſifie the Language of my Heart.
He who is perfect, and abhors untruth,
With heavenly influence inſpires my youth.
For the Omnipotent is only wiſe:
Nor will the great in Power the weake deſpiſe.
His Hands the poore from violence defend;
While Sin-defiled Soules to Hell deſcend:
Beholds the juſt, with Eyes that ever wake,
With Princes ranck't, whoſe thrones no Tempeſts ſhake.
Or if their vices caſt them to the ground,
If in the fetters of affliction bound:
Hee to their trembling Conſciences diſplayes
Their former lives, and errours of their wayes.
Then opens wide the porches of their eares,
And their long veiled eyes from dakeneſſe cleares
That they themſelves may ſee, inſtructions heare,
Returne from Sin, and their Creator feare.
They ſhall their happy dayes in pleaſure ſpend;
And full of yeares in peace their progreſſe end.
But if they diſobey, the ſword ſhall ſhed
Their guilty blood, and mixe them with the Dead.
For the Deluder haſtens his owne fall:
Nor will in trouble on th'Almighty call,
Who on the Beds of ſinne ſupinely lye;
They in the Summer of their age ſhall dye.

God

God will the penitent to Grace reſtore:
Taught by affliction to offend no more.
So from theſe fearfull ſtraights would thee have led,
Inlarg'd thy paſſage, and with marrow fed:
But thou, through wicked Counſels, haſt rebell'd,
And therefore juſtly by his Judgements held.
O feare his wrath! ſhould'ſt thou be ſwept away;
Not Mines of Treaſure could thy Ranſome pay.
Cares he for wealth? Though Gold on Earth command;
No Gold, or force, can free thee from his hand.
Let not thy deſperate Soule deſire that Night,
Which from the living takes the laſt of Light;
Nor by the guide of ſorrow blindly erre,
And Death before due Chaſtiſements preferre.
Lo! he his truth exalts; who ſo compleat.
As hee in Power! whoſe Knowledge is ſo great!
Who can to him preſcribe a Path? or ſay,
Thy Judgements from the tract of Juſtice ſtray?
O rather praiſe the workes his hands have wrought;
By all beheld; with admiration fraught.
His glory but in part to man appeares:
Who knowes him, or the number of his yeares?
Hee the congealed vapors melts againe;
Extenuated into drops of Raine:
Which on the thirſtie Earth in ſhowers diſtill;
And all that life poſſeſſe with plenty fill.
Who can the extenſion of his Clouds explore?
Or tell how they in their colliſions roare?
Guilt with the flaſhes of their horrid light:
Yet darken all below with their owne Night.
Judgement and bountie each from hence proceeds,
With theſe his Creatures puniſheth and feeds;
With theſe the Beautie of the Day immures,
And all the Ornaments of Heaven obſcures:
Forthwith aeriall Tumults wound the Eare;
Whoſe heat and cold the Clouds aſunder teare.
O how they terrifie my panting heart! *Chap.* 37.
Ready to breake my fivers, and depart.
Harke, how his thunder from their entrailes breakes!
The voyce of God when hee in fury ſpeakes:

Which

Which roles in globes of pitch below the Skies.
To Earths extent his winged lightning flies,
Purſu'de by hideous fragors; though before
The flames deſcend, they in their breaches roare.
His farre-reſounding voice reports his ire,
His Indignation flowes in ſtreames of fire.
O who can apprehend his excellence,
Whoſe wonders paſſe the reach of humane ſenſe!
Hee gives the Winters Snow her aerie birth,
And bids her virgin fleeces cloth the Earth.
Now hee her face renew's with fruitfull ſhowers:
Now Cataracts upon her boſome powers;
Whoſe falling ſpouts the Hands of Labour tie.
When Swaines for ſhelter to their houſes flye,
Yet on their former toyle reflect their care:
Then ſalvage beaſts to their darke dennes repaire.
Loud Tempeſts from the Cloudie South breake forth,
And cold out of the Cloud-repelling North.
The fields with rigid froſt grow ſtiffe and gray:
The rivers ſolid, and forget their way.
Sad clouds with frequent teares themſelves impaire,
And thoſe that ſhone with lightning, fleete to aire.
At his obey'd decree returne againe,
T'afflict the Earth, or comfort it with raine.
Thus Judgement and ſweet Mercy, which depend
Upon his beck, to men in Clouds deſcend.
This heare, O Job, with ſilence fixed, ſtand:
Review the wonders of his mighty Hand.
Know'ſt thou how God collects the muſt'red Clouds?
How in their darkneſſe hee his lightning ſhrouds?
How by him ballanc'd in the weightleſſe Aire?
Canſt thou the wiſedome of his workes declare?
Or know'ſt thou how thy Garments warmer grow,
When droppiug Southerne gales begin to blow?
Wer't thou then preſent, when his hands diſplaid
The firmament, of liquid Chryſtall made?
If ſo, inſtruct what we to God ſhould ſay;
Who in ſo darke a night have loſt our way.
What can wee urge that is to him unknowne?
Or who contend and not bee overthrowne?

Who

Who on the Sunne can gaze with conſtant eyes,
When purging winds foom vapors cleare the Skies.
And Northerne gales his ſhining face unfold ?
Much leſſe the Majeſtie of God behold.
O how inſcrutable ! his equitie
Twins with his Power. Will hee the Juſt deſtroy ?
For this to bee ador'd : yet cannot find
Among the Sonnes of men a prudent mind.
Then from a Globe of curling Clouds, which brake *Chap.* 38.
Into a radiant flame, Jehova ſpake :
What Mortall thus through ignorance profanes
My darkned counſells ? of his God complaines ?
Come, buckle on thy Armor : let us end
This controverſe, ſince thou wilt needs contend.
Tell, if thou canſt ; where wert thou when I made
The food-full Earth, and her foundation laid ?
Who thoſe exact dimenſions did deſigne ?
Who on her ſuperficies ſtretch'd his Line ?
Or fixt as Centre to the world ? upon
VVhat Baſis built ? who laid the Corner Stone ?
VVhere wert thou when the Stars my prayſes ſung ?
VVhen Heaven with ſhouts of joyfull Angels rung ?
Or who ſhut up the Seas with Dores ; when they,
As from the tortur'd wombe, inforc'd their way ?
By me inveſted with a veile of Clouds :
And ſwadled as new-borne, in ſable ſhrouds.
For theſe a receptacle I deſign'd :
And with inviolable Barres confin'd.
Then ſaid : thus farre your Empire ſhall extend,
Nor ſhall your prouder waves theſe bounds tranſcend.
Haſt thou appointed where the Moone ſhould riſe,
And with her purple light adorne the Skies ?
Scor'd out the bounded Suns obliquer wayes,
That he on all might ſpread his equall rayes ?
And by the cleare extenſion of his Light,
Chaſe from the Earth the impious Sonnes of Night ?
Whoſe beames the various formes of things diſplay,
Like multitudes of Figures wrought in Clay :
By which the Beautie of the Earth appeares ;
The divers-colour'd Mantle which ſhe weares ?

Conceal'd

Conceal'd offendors by their luſtre found ;
Attached, and in Deaths darke priſon bound.
Say, haſt thou div'd into the Deep's below,
And trod thoſe bottome ſands where fountaines flow ?
Or boldly broken-up the Seales of Hell,
And ſeene the Shadowes which in Darkeneſſe dwell ?
Tell if thou canſt, how farre the Earth extends ?
Haſt thou diſcover'd her remoteſt ends ?
Beheld the Chambers of the ſpringing Light ?
Or travel'd through the regions of the Night ?
To their abodes canſt thou reveale the way,
And their alternate rule to men diſplay ?
Wer't thou then borne ? haſt thou theſe ſecrets knowne
Through length of time ? art thou ſo aged growne ?
Haſt thou ſurvay'd the Magazines of Snow ?
Seene where the melting drops to haile-ſtones grow ?
With theſe I puniſh ; theſe the weapons are,
By me prepar'd againſt the Day of warre.
Why breakes the Lightning from the troubled Skies,
While Eaſterne winds in horrid Tempeſts riſe ?
Who Deluges from Heaven in Torrents powres,
Or gives a paſſage to the roaring Showres ;
That they on Deſerts un-inhabited
By Mortalls, may their fruitfull moyſtures ſhed ?
Hence vegetives receive their fragrant birth ;
And cloth the naked Boſome of the Earth.
What, hath the Raine a Father ? tell me who
Begot the ſhining drops of Morning Dew ?
Whoſe wombe produc'd the glaſſie Ice ? who bred
The hoary froſts that fell on Winters head ?
The waters then in Chriſtall are conceal'd ;
And the ſmooth viſage of the Sea congeal'd.
Canſt thou the pleaſant influence reſtraine,
Of Pleiades, which bathes the Spring with raine ?
Or boiſterous Orions chaine unbinde,
Who drawes along the bitter Eaſterne winde ?
In Summer, ſcorching Mazaroth diſplay ?
Or teach Arcturus, and his Sonnes, their way ?
Canſt thou the Motions of the Heavens direct ?
Or make their vertue on the Earth reflect ?

Will

Will the condenſed Cloulds at thy command,
Deſcend in Shoures upon the thirſty Land ?
Or in their roaring ſtriſe aſunder part,
And at thy Foes their fearfull Lightning dart ?
With wiſdome who renownes the Nobler parts ?
Who underſtanding gives to humane Hearts ?
Whoſe wiſedome cleares the Saphirs of the skies ?
Or who the ſwelling Clouds in Bladders ties ?
To mollifie the ſtubborne clods with raine ;
And ſcattered Duſt incorporate againe.
Wilt thou for the old Lyon hunt ? or fill
His hungry whelps ? and for the killer kill ?
When chouch'd in dreadfull Dens ; when cloſely they *Chap. 39*
Lurke in the Covert to ſurpriſe their prey ?
Who feeds the Ravens when their young-ones cry.
To God for food and through the Deſerts flye ?
Know'ſt thou when Salvage goates doe teeme among
The craggy rocks ? when Hinds produce their young ?
Can'ſt thou their Reckning keepe ? the time compute
When their ſwolne Bellies ſhall inlarge their fruit ?
Without a Midwife theſe their Throwes ſuſtaine ,
And bowing, bring their iſſue forth with paine.
They at full udders ſucke, grow ſtrong with corne ;
Depart, and never to their Dams returne.
Who ſent forth the wild Aſſe to live at large ?
Whom neither Halters binde nor Burthens charge :
Inhabiting the barren Wilderneſſe,
And rocky Caves, remov'd from mans acceſſe.
He from the many-peopl'd City flies,
Contemns their labors, and the Drivers cries ;
The Mountaines are his walkes , who wandring feeds
On ſlowly-ſpringing hearbes, and ranker weeds.
Will the fierce Unicorne thy voyce obey,
Stand at the Crib and feed upon the hay ?
Or to the ſervile yoake his freedome yeild ;
Plough-up the Glebe, and. and harrow the rough field?
Wilt thou upon his ready ſtreng h relye ?
Will hee ſuſtaine thee with his Induſtry ?
Bring home thy Harveſt ? to thy will ſubmit ?
Put off his fierceneſſe , and receive the Bit ?

The Peacock, not at thy command, aſſumes
His glories traine; Nor Eſtridge her rare plumes.
She drops her Egges upon the naked Land,
And wraps them in a bed of hatching Sand;
Expoſed to the wandring Traveller,
And Feete of Beaſts, which thoſe wilde Deſetrs reare.
Shee as a Step-mother betrayes her owne,
Left without care, and preſently unknowne:
By God depriv'd of that Intelligence
Which Nature gives: of all moſt void of Senſe.
Her feete the nimble Rider leave behinde;
And when ſhee ſpreads her ſayles, out-ſtrip the winde.
Haſt thou with ſtrength indu'd the generous Horſe?
His neck with Thunder arm'd, his breaſt with Force?
Him canſt thou as a Graſhopper affright?
Who from his Noſtrills throwes a dreadfull light;
Exults in his owne courage, proudly bounds,
With trampling hooſes the ſounding Centre wounds:
Breakes through the ore'red Rancks with eyes that burn,
Nor from the Battle-Axe, or ſword will turn.
The ratling Quiver, nor the glittering Speare,
Or dazling Shield, can daunt his heart with feare.
Through rage and fierceneſſe hee devoures the ground;
Nor in his fury heares the Trumpet ſound.
Farre off the Battaile ſmels, like Thunder neighes:
Loud ſhouts and dying grones his courage raiſe.
Do's the wild Haggard towre into the Skie,
And to the South by thy direction flye?
Or Eagle in her gyres the Clouds imbrace,
And on the higheſt cliffe her Aery place?
Shee dwels among the Rocks, on every ſide
With broken Mountaines ſtrongly fortifi'd:
From thence what ever can bee ſeene ſurvayes,
And ſtooping, on the ſlaughtred Quarry preys:
From wounds her Eglets ſuck the reaking blood,
And all-devaſting Warre provides her food.
Since ſuch my power, wilt thou with mee contend?
Inſtruct thy Maker? and thy fault defend?
Now anſwer thou that dar'ſt thy God up-braid.
Then humbled Job, transfixt with ſorrow ſaid,

Can

Can one ſo vile to ſuch a truth reply ?
Too long my griefe hath rav'd : no more will I
Purſue a tolly, and my Sinne extend,
But curbe my tongue, ſo ready to offend
Once more Jehova from that radiant Throne *Chap. 40.*
Of Clouds thus ſpake : O Job, thy armes put on ;
If thou haſt will or courage left, prepare
T'encounter me in this Gigantick warre.
Wilt thou my Judgements diſanull ? deſame
My equall Rule, to cleare thy ſelfe of blame ?
Is thy weake Arme as ſtrong as Gods ? canſt thou
In thunder ſpeake ? the Sea with Tempeſts plow ?
Come deck thy ſelfe with Beauties Excellence ;
With Majeſty, and Sun like Rayes diſpenſe :
The fury of thy wrath like lightning fling
On bold offenders : Pride to ruine bring.
Thoſe with the ſurfeits of exceſſe deſtroy,
Who in their uncontrouled vices joy :
Hide them together in the Caves of Night ;
There bind them, never to behold the Light :
Then will I ſay that thou thy ſelfe can'ſt ſave
From waſting Age, Deſtruction, and the Grave.
With thee, I made the mighty Elephant ;
Who Oxe-like feedes on every herbe and plant.
His mighty ſtrength lyes in his able Loynes ;
And where the fluxure of his Navell joynes.
His ſtretcht-out tayle preſents a Mountaine Pine,
The Sinewes of his Stones like Cords combine.
His Bones the hammer'd Steele in ſtrength ſurpaſſe ;
His ſides are fortifi'd with Ribs of Braſſe.
Of Gods great workes the chiefe ; lo hee who made
This knowing Beaſt, hath arm'd him with a blade.
Hee feed's on lofty Hils, nor lives by prey :
About their gentle Prince his ſubjects play.
His limbs hee coucheth in the cooler ſhades ;
Oft, when Heavens burning Eye the fields invades,
To Mariſhes reſorts ; obſcur'd with Reedes,
And hoary Willowes, which the moyſture feeds.
The chiding Currents at his entry riſe ;
Who quivering Jordan ſwallowes with his Eyes.

Can the bold Hunter take him in a Toyle?
Or by the Trunck produce him as his Spoyle?
Chap. 41. Can'ſt thou with a weake Angle ſtrike the Whale?
Catch with a hooke, or with a nooſe inthrall?
Drag by a ſlender Line unto the Shore?
His huge Jaw with a twig or Bulruſh bore?
Will he his pitifull complaints renew?
For freedome with afflicted Language ſue?
Become thy willinng Vaſſall? canſt thou ſtill
Subject him to the Service of thy Will?
And like a Sparrow, fetter'd in a String,
The plaid with Monſter to the Virgins bring?
Shall thy Campanions feaſt upon his ſpoile?
Or wilt thou to the Merchant ſell his Oyle?
Can'ſt thou with Fiſgigs pierce him to the quicke?
Or in his skull thy barbed Trident ſticke?
Then haſten to the charge. Yet Souldier feare:
Thinke of the Battaile, and in time forbeare.
Vaine are their hopes who ſeeke by force or ſlight
To vanquiſh him, who conquers with his ſight.
What Mortall dare with ſuch a foe contend?
Much leſſe his hand againſt his Maker bend?
Can gifts my grace ingage? when all below
The lofty Sunne is mine, what can I owe?
This wonder of the Deepe, his mighty force,
And goodly forme, ſhall furniſh our diſcourſe.
Who can deveſt him of his waves? beſtride
His monſtrous Back? and with a bridle ride?
His Heads huge Dores unlock? whoſe jawes with great
And dreadfull teeth in treble rankes are ſet.
Arm'd with refulgent Shields, together joyn'd,
And ſeal'd up to reſiſt the ruffling wind;
The neather by the upper fortifi'd:
No force their Combination can divide.
His ſneezing ſet on fire the foaming Brine:
His round eyes like the Morning Eye-lids ſhine:
Infernall Lightning ſallies from his Throat:
Ejected Sparkes upon the Billowes float.
A cloud of Smoake from his wide Noſtrils flyes;
As vapors from a boyling Furnace riſe.

Hee burning Coles exhales, and vomits flames:
His ſtrength the Empire of the Ocean claimes.
Loud Tempeſts, roaring floods, and what affright
The trembling Sailer, turne to his delight.
The flakes of his tough fleſh ſo firmely bound,
As not to bee divorced by a wound.
His Heart a ſolid Rocke, to feare unknowne:
And harder than the Grinders neather Stone.
The ſword his armed ſides in vaine aſſailes;
No Dart nor Lance can penetrate his Scales.
Who Braſſe as rotten wood, and Steele no more
Regards then Reedes, that briſtle on the Shore.
Dreads hee the twanging of the Archers String?
Or ſinging Stones from the Phænician ſling?
Darts hee eſteemes as Straw, aſunder torne:
The ſhaking of the javelin laughes to ſcorne.
Hee ragged Stones beneath his Belly ſpreads;
To his repoſe as ſoft as downye Beds.
The Seas before him as a Caldron boyle:
And in the fervour of a Motion foyle.
A Light, ſtroke from the floods, detects his way;
Who covers their aſpiring heads with gray.
Of all whome ample Earths round ſhoulders beare,
None equall this: created without feare,
What ever is exalted, hee diſdaines:
And as a King among the Mighty raignes.

O Father, I acknowledge (Job repli'd) *Chap.* 42.
Thy all effecting Power. O who can hide
His thoughts from thee! who can reverſe, or ſhun
Thy juſt Decree! what thou would'ſt doe, is done,
I heard thee ſay; Dare brutiſh Man profane
My darkned Councells? and of God complaine?
Great Judge, I in my Mirror ſee my ſhame:
Thoſe lips that Juſtifi'd, my guilt proclaime.
Our knowledge is but Ignorance, and wee
The Sonnes of Folly, if compar'd with thee.
Thy wayes, and ſacred Myſteries tranſcend
Their apprehenſions, who in Death muſt end.
O to my Prayers afford a gracious Eare!
Inſtruct thy Servant, and his Darkneſſe cleare!

I, of my Excellence, have oft beene told;
But now my raviſh't eyes thy face behold.
Who therefore in this weeping Palinod
Abhorre my ſelfe, that have diſpleas'd my God:
In duſt and Aſhes mourne. Nor will my feares
Forſake me, tell I cleanſe my Soule with teares.
When contrite Job had this ſubmiſſion made,
The Lord to Eliphas of Theman ſaid,
Againſt thee, and thy two Aſſociates,
My Anger burnes, and haſtens to your fates:
Since you, unlike my Servant Job, have err'd,
And Victory before the Truth preferr'd.
Seven ſpotleſſe Rams, ſeven Bulls that never bare
The yoake, ſelect, with theſe to Job repaire:
Their bleeding limbs upon my Alter lay.
His ready Charity for you ſhall pray,
And reconcile my wrath: Elſe merited
Revenge ſhould forthwith ſend you to the Dead;
Who have my Rule and providence profain'd;
Nor, like my Servant Job the truth maintain'd.
Then Bildad, Eliphas, and Zophar, came
To their old friend; The feaſted Alters flame.
For whom that injur'd Saint devoutly pray'd;
And with the Incenſe their attonement made.
Even in that pious Duty, the moſt High
Beheld his Patience with a tender Eye;
From envious Satans tyranny releaſt,
Dry'd-up his teares, and with abundance bleſt.
His Brothers and his Siſters, all the traine
That follow'd his Proſperitie, againe
Preſent their viſits, at his table feed;
Bemone, and Comfort. Joyes his griefe ſucceed.
With Gold and Silver they increaſe his ſtore,
And gave the precious Earerings which they wore.
So that Jehova bleſt his latter Dayes
More then the firſt; His Loſſe with Intereſt payes.
His Droves of Aſſes, Camels, heards of Neat,
And flocks of Sheepe, grow ſhortly twice as great.
Bleſt with ſeven ſonnes, three Daughters, who for faire
Might with the beauties of the Earth compare.

One

One call'd Jemima, of the riſing Light;
A ſecond, for her ſweetneſſe, Caſſia hight;
The youngeſt Kerenhappa, of the powre
And rayes of beauty. Rich in Natures Dowre,
As in their Fathers Love; who gave them ſhares
Among his Sonnes, and joyn'd them with his heires.
Job ſeven-ſcore yeares his Miſeries ſurviv'd;
His Childrens Children ſaw, thoſe who deriv'd
From them their birth, even to the fourth deſcent:
And in Tranquilitie his old-Age ſpent.
Then full of Dayes, and deathleſſe Honour, gave
His Soule to God, his Body to the Grave.